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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

For Senior Writer Ed Magnuson, there are two personal statistics of which he keeps careful track. The first concerns something called DXing, or long-distance communications by amateur radio. Magnuson, call sign W2IJB, is an enthusiastic practitioner: in the past seven years, operating his rig from his apartment in New York City's Greenwich Village, he has made at least one contact with 301 of the 315 "countries" from which ham radio broadcasts can originate (a total that includes a single country's widely separated parts, such as Hawaii and Alaska).

The other statistic Magnuson tabulates carefully is the number of cover stories he has written for TIME. With this week's contribution, on the fraudulent Hitler diaries and forgeries through the centuries, the total now stands at 93, more than half again as many as his nearest competitor. His first cover story, on nuclear testing, ran in 1962, a year after he came to TIME from ten years with the Minneapolis *Tribune*. He later became the Education writer for three years, during which he wrote a favorite cover story, in 1966, on great college teachers. Since 1969, he has written almost exclusively for the Nation section, treating at cover length everything from the My Lai massacre revelations that year to last month's profile of Florida Representative Claude Pepper. In between, there were the Pentagon papers, the nuclear accident at Three Mile Island, the Iran hostage crisis and many thousands of words of political analysis. But Magnuson is chiefly renowned among colleagues as TIME's iron-man chronicler of the Watergate crisis, having written 21 cover stories in 18 months, four in consecutive weeks in May 1973.

HUGH PATRICK BROWN

Magnuson at work on No. 93

That era came to mind last week as he recalled forgeries perpetrated by such Watergate "dirty tricksters" as Howard Hunt, who doctored State Department cables, and Donald Segretti, who used Edmund Muskie's stolen campaign stationery to disseminate malicious falsehoods about other Democratic candidates. "In fact, you could say that Nixon was a sort of forger," muses Magnuson. "In his efforts to defend his beleaguered Administration, he altered the transcripts of his office tapes, a fact that only became clear when the tapes themselves were released." Magnuson's present pace of cover writing is not so frenetic as it was in the Watergate days. But even at the current rate, the editors will likely call on W2IJB to produce Cover No. 100 some time next year.

John a. Meyer

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Letters

Pepper Power

To the Editors:

As a native of Florida, I never appreciated Congressman Claude Pepper [April 25]. However, the nearer I get to 65, the more I value him.

William M. Mirsky
Houston

Instead of praising Pepper, you should damn him! His "unshakable New Deal liberalism" is a major perpetrator of inflation, the aged's worst enemy. Further, his catering to the seniors at the expense of other needy groups typifies special-interest politics at its worst.

William F. Trainer
San Diego

Thank you for the great article on Congressman Pepper. He won my 62-year-old heart when I saw him bristling with righteous indignation and forcing his way into that stacked meeting on aging at the White House.

Evalyn Miles
Atlanta

Here's to the man who supports my parents.

Miguel Martinez Jr.
Ontario, Calif.

Pepper is being disingenuous when he asserts that Social Security "is an insurance program; it isn't welfare." What insurer can pay annuities so disproportionate to the amount of premiums contributed? The New Deal's concept of Social Security was that it should be the last resort against destitution. It was not intended to be a complete retirement program.

Geoffry V. Case
Columbus

Congressman Pepper says, "I would rather live with $200 billion deficits and have more people living, than the reverse." This sounds compassionate, but Congressman Pepper and many of his constituents will be dead when the time comes to pay the $200 billion. One generation does not have the right to load its debts on the backs of future generations.

Richard C. Sipan
Chula Vista, Calif.

I am 18 weeks Claude Pepper's junior. I have three grandsons who are trying to establish households on beginners' salaries. TIME acclaims Pepper's mindless thesis that the accretion of birthdays somehow ennobles their possessor. While you applaud, I will sit on my hands.

Hal Taylor
Teaneck, N.J.

Pepper's appearance on TIME's cover was not his first. He was shown campaigning for re-election to the U.S. Senate on the front of the May 2, 1938, issue. I know because I reported the story from the year-old Washington office. Surely a 45-year interval between appearances must constitute some sort of record. Is Pepper the champ?

Robert Sherrod
Washington, D.C.

Pepper is the champ. His nearest competition: William O. Douglas on Oct. 11, 1937, and July 22, 1974.

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Viet Nam Revisited

With all the stupidity and inefficiency described in your article on Viet Nam [April 25], how did the North Vietnamese beat us?

Jon Huer
Birmingham

You quote a London human rights group official as saying, "In Viet Nam we are not confronted with the torture and political executions that currently scar Central America." Actually, many Vietnamese perished in the "re-education" camps, where they were forced to labor twelve hours a day in malaria-infested jungles without adequate food, shelter or medication. The Vietnamese Communists have transformed Viet Nam into a huge prison camp with no human rights at all.

Nuong Van Trinh
Martinez, Ga.

Ho Chi Minh was right when he said, "Nothing is more precious than independence and freedom." That is the reason we boat people fled to America.

Nguyen Thanh Huy
Richmond, Texas

Arafat's No

If the Palestinians missed their chance to recognize Israel's right to exist [April 25], let it be said that for more than 30 years Israel has missed the chance to recognize the Palestinians. The P.L.O. is not the only one at fault.

Carol Bachelder
Boise, Idaho

I am pessimistic about the P.L.O.'s being sincere in wanting to reach an agreement with anyone. Every day that goes by makes it more difficult for Yasser Arafat to undo the current situation in the West Bank. The ball is in the P.L.O.'s court, but time is on Israel's side.

Ariel Delouya
Montreal

I generally agree with President Reagan, but I do not accept his Middle East peace program. One glance at the map shows that a separate state in the West Bank is not a feasible way to secure Israel's safety. The West Bank and the Gaza Strip should be incorporated into Israel. But if Menachem Begin intends to re-create King Solomon's empire by extending Israel's borders into Lebanon, Syria and Jordan, he will have trouble.

Bernard R. Schmitz
Westbury, N.Y.

Alcoholics Synonymous

Having worked with alcoholics for 13 years, I fail to see the major breakthrough claimed by Dr. George Vaillant's study [April 25]. However, I did find two very disturbing statements. First, to discuss having "a little bit of alcoholism" is ridiculous, since alcoholism by its very nature is progressive. To control this progression and still drink is impossible. Second, to state that an alcoholic needs tranquilizers is absurd. One of the major problems we face in fighting this disease is cross-addiction in an individual who has attempted to substitute a tranquilizer for alcohol. Switching addictions serves no purpose.

David Veal
Macon, Ga.

Nearly every article about alcoholism I have read says that "it is a disease like diabetes." As a longtime diabetic, I can say that most diabetics would be delighted to have something like Alcoholics Anonymous, which would help put their disease into permanent remission.

Mrs. Richard H. Tinsley
Tunkhannock, Pa.

Academy Rewards

I loved Columnist Joe Morgenstern's quip about the Oscars that "*Gandhi* was everything the voting members of the academy would like to be: moral, tan and thin" [April 25]. We all need heroes, and apparently the committee preferred that the heroes be noble and real rather than unbelievable and extraterrestrial.

Doris Sullivan
Grosse Pointe, Mich.

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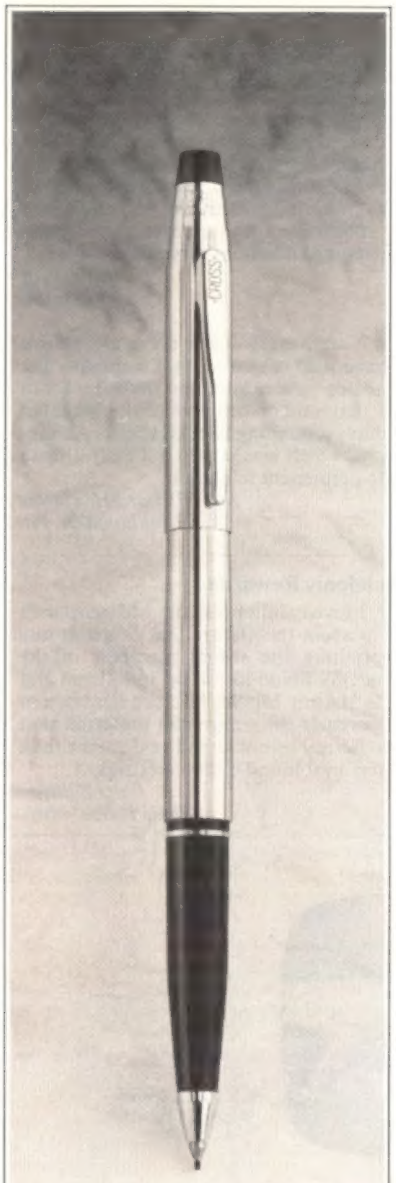

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Letters

Gandhi was the best picture of the year because it made us think *and* feel. When Steven Spielberg, who is a genius at influencing our emotions, conceives a movie that is as thoughtful as it is emotionally stimulating, then he will surely win his Oscar.

Paul J. Hopstock
Alexandria, Va.

It is ironic that *Gandhi's* noble sentiments made it the big winner. *E.T.'s* message was much the same. It too is a celebration of peace, tolerance and brotherly love. What's more, *E.T.* delivers its theme in a fresher, more imaginative and technically superior package.

Steve Bennett
Chapel Hill, N.C.

Gandhi would have voted for *E.T.* The movie showed us how receptiveness can lead to understanding, how understanding can bring trust, how trust turns to love, and from love comes an appreciation of life.

Frank Miles
Normal, Ill.

Predicting AIDS

In your article on the problem of AIDS [March 28], you quote me as saying that because of frequent contact with AIDS patients and blood, "hospital workers will be next." This statement was taken out of context and is terribly misleading. My actual words were: *"If* this disease follows the epidemiologic pattern of hepatitis B infection, then hospital workers will be next."

Roger W. Enlow, M.D., director
Office of Gay and Lesbian Health
New York City Department of Health

Ode to Hats

As the owner and wearer of more than 40 different hats, I enjoyed your Essay "In Praise of Serious Hats" [April 25]. I have a special reason for using one. Years ago my doctor recommended that I wear a hat to reduce sinus trouble because heat rises and keeps your head warm.

Robert F. O'Connor
Centerville, Ohio

Oftentimes I will steal into a millinery shop and try on an elegant hat. I pose it on my head and look into the mirror à la Dietrich, glancing around to make sure no one is watching me. I then quickly return it to the rack. Next time I promise to be brave.

Ann Miller
Nantucket, Mass.

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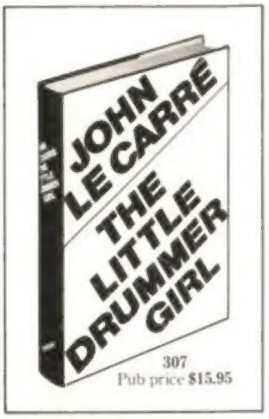

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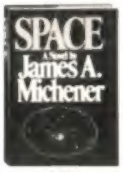

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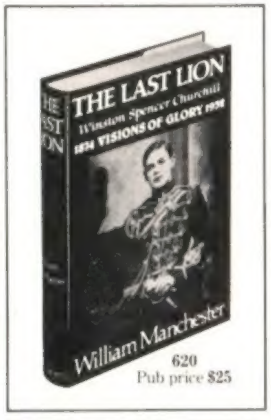

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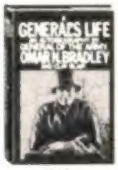

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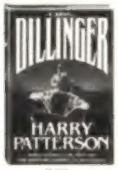

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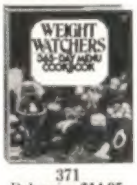

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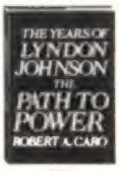

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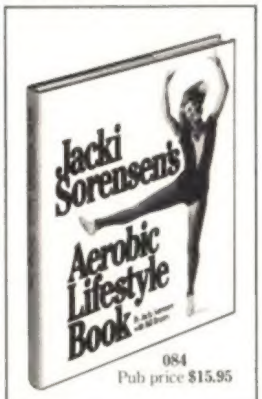

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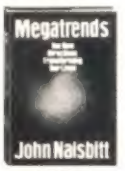

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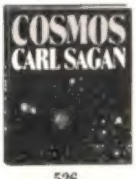

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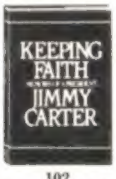

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American Scene

In the Rockies: Farewell to the Zephyr

STEVE NORTHUP

Fans in Denver photograph the Rio Grande Zephyr as it prepares for a final westward roll

"The train depot, please."

"You mean the train station?" the taxi driver asked.

"Yes," said the passenger. It was dawn in Denver, outside the Brown Palace, a 19th century hotel that is, in good weather, within strolling distance of Union Station, a 19th century train depot. Rain fell from a dirty-ashtray sky, however; hence the cab. Ten minutes later, the woman at the wheel seemed not to have a clue. "I've seen it," she said. "I know it's right around here somewhere." In time she found the place, a building the size of Notre Dame. As for the passenger: ah, how patly explicable it seemed all of a sudden. If a 26—or so—year-old cabbie could not find the station, no wonder the train was bound for the end of the line.

The Rio Grande Zephyr, the last privately operated long-haul passenger service in the Lower 48 states, was about to be shut down. Its operator, the Denver and Rio Grande Western Railroad, said the train was losing $3 million a year. The new operator would be the National Railroad Passenger Corp., the Government-subsidized organization known as Amtrak. The old cars with their rump-sprung seats would be replaced with Amtrak's firm-chaired, bullet ride to modernity. The cuisine of the dining car, a draw for serious trenchermen, would be replaced with Amtrak food, no adjective necessary.

The deal was attractive to both sides. The Denver and Rio Grande would get out of the unprofitable passenger business and make some money on its tracks from Denver to Salt Lake City by leasing Amtrak the right of way. In turn, Amtrak would hope to gain more passengers on its Chicago-Oakland route by changing the train's path so that it crossed more spectacular terrain. The former route traversed southern Wyoming; the new route, and the new train, will cut through the Colorado Rockies.

The losers are the people of southern Wyoming, whose representatives are suing to keep train service there, and the nostalgic, who recently thronged at the gate for one last westward roll. The smell of bacon lay heavy on the morning air, spreading from a car with the name "Silver Banquet" flung back along its flank. "It is truly the last one," said Steve Patterson, a locomotive engineer with the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe and a man who rides the Zephyr mostly just to eat. "All the other passenger trains anywhere you go in this country all look alike. I call them generic trains. The little old Zephyr was all we had left. They had the last dining car. I tell you, the rest is airline food. They cook it somewhere else. On the Zephyr, you actually see real food. They crack eggs on the Zephyr. They actually peel potatoes on board."

Soon there came the call to board, the slithery sound of raincoats pressing toward the train, and the familiar lurch of a rail journey commenced. Denver fell away in a fog, and the passengers fell away into rapture. Since 1949 this poky thing had made the 570-mile run to Salt Lake City in 14 hours. Then and now it had four domed cars, the better to see the aspens and the Douglas firs blur by. Later the Colorado River foamed white alongside, and in the high, cold meadows the snorts of fine horses showed clear as clouds. Here and there little communities clung to cliffsides like cockleburs to a collie. And in the dining room were linen, flowers and heavy crockery. One could have breakfast at the top of the world.

"Look out there," said Julia Sanders, wife of Richard O. Sanders, president of the Central Pennsylvania chapter of the National Railway Historical Society. "Most of the rail fans are not on the train. They're out at the crossings, taking pictures." So they were. As the train creaked and jounced, listed and groaned, shutterbugs in their cars chased like deer flies, buzz-bombing at every vista, no doubt planning blowups to adorn untold mantles. A pesky Mustang convertible appeared to lead the pack. They outran the locomotive, recorded, outran it again.

Aboard was a typical lot: the whiskery old romantics, the backpackers, the bawling babies, the obsessed railroad fans, the golden-wedding-anniversary celebrators, the drunks and the people not constitutionally equipped to function in civilization. Six distribution managers for a major publishing firm hit the club car, took a swim in a sea of vodka and scarcely saw the sights. In the long line for the dining car, people with impaired manners made themselves known as something more than peckish, and thus snappish. (It takes patience to take a train, so why do those who do not possess it always book a seat? One's own inner peace urged the cry: "Slow down! Relax! Enjoy!" Maybe eight-cylinder, eight-lane, jumbo-jet America does not deserve the Rio Grande Zephyr. Maybe the country is too loutish for a good train.)

Then across the Continental Divide and down the western slope, on ground the color of lions. "I sure hate to see the old gal go," the conductor, Red Knuter, had said before the start. Others among the crew were not feeling so charitable. In the lounge, a bartender named Gerald answered a drinker's question about his future plans. "I'm gonna rob banks, man," said Gerald, turning to his friend, a coat

STEVE NORTHUP

The view from a domed car: a river foams white alongside, aspens blur by, an era passes

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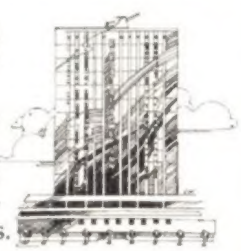

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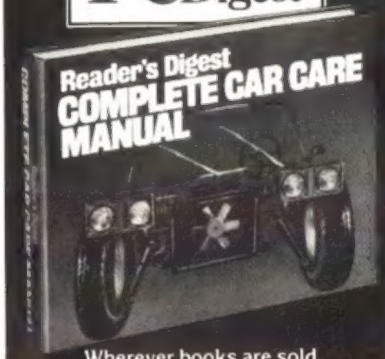

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attendant named Leon. "Seventy times a day, man," said Leon. "At least 70 times I get asked what I'm gonna do. I don't know. I don't know! You got a job? Ah, hell, we're just an inconvenience to this company."

Engineers, conductors, brakemen on the Rio Grande have the elective of switching to Amtrak. Gerald, Leon and about 20 cooks and waiters do not. Gerald, shutting down the bar on his last run so he could take his lunch, was asked whether he would reopen after he had eaten. "Maybe I will," he said, "and maybe I won't." He didn't.

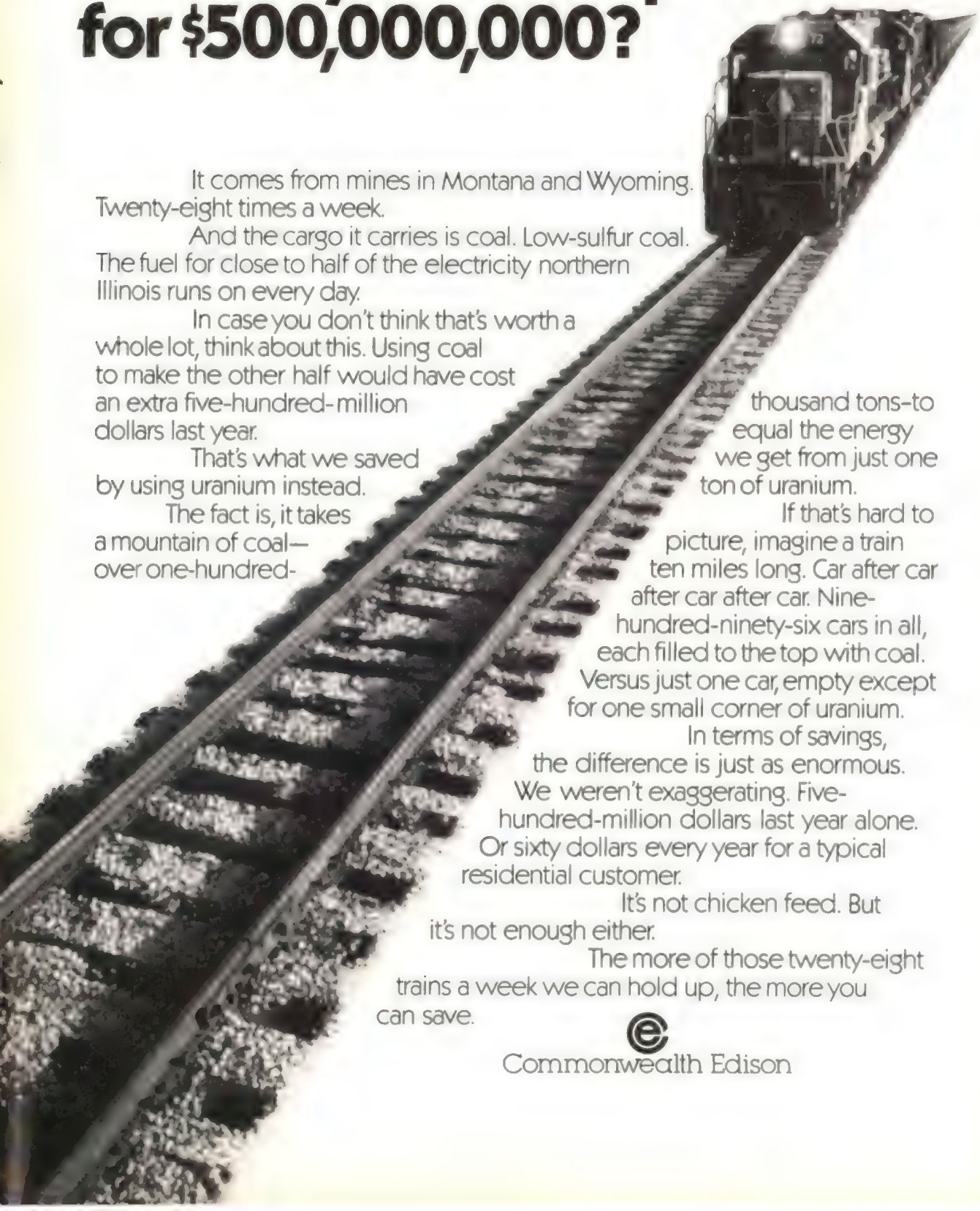
"What are they gonna do," chimed in a brakeman named Gary Stehle, "fire him?" Stehle is quitting. He went down for a day of indoctrination at Amtrak and found it did not cut the mustard of his standards, sad to say. He sold his uniform to a railroad freak from Florida. Ken Jackson, another brakeman who is quitting, has held on to his uniform. Like Stehle, Jackson is bitter, feeling that the company could have done better by them and kept the Zephyr going. Jackson says sarcastically of his uniform, "I'm going to wear it to Halloween parties, along with my funny little hat. I'm going to go as a meathead."

The train went down a gorge, rounded a bend and entered middle afternoon just as some sated diners entered drowsiness, offending Robert Robinson. An infantry major from Fort Hood, Texas, who said he was on the Zephyr taking pictures with his camera as well as his mind, Robinson looked disdainfully at three slumbering bodies curled catlike across the seats. "Can you imagine that? On this train? On this ride?"

Sunlight shone upon the mountains, and bars of sunlight lay upon the floors of the domed cars. Outside, the speedy, four-wheel-driven photographers kept kicking up rooster tails of dust. Inside, those passengers who were awake and old enough to have ridden other wonderful trains, and who were given to reflection, appeared to set to work. Could they really have lived long enough to be riding an anachronism? Could it be possible not only to tolerate but to enjoy this age, with its computers, its characterless cars, its designers' names flashed everywhere from dumpy derrières? Could it really be possible to have grown so fuddy-duddy as to agree with Walker Percy's remark that "what nuns don't realize is that they look better in nun clothes than in J.C. Penney pantsuits"?

Then it was over, far too quickly. A mud slide in Utah had truncated the trip. The mud slide would also keep Amtrak crossing southern Wyoming, at least for another month. The Rio Grande Zephyr was out of business all the same. Its last trip west ended at Grand Junction, Colo., 275 miles up the line. Anyone who really wanted to get to Salt Lake City could continue on a bus, rolling through the night. All things considered, the connection was unappealing. —*By Gregory Jaynes*

Would you hold up this train for $500,000,000?



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In terms of savings, the difference is just as enormous. We weren't exaggerating. Five-hundred-million dollars last year alone. Or sixty dollars every year for a typical residential customer.

It's not chicken feed. But it's not enough either.

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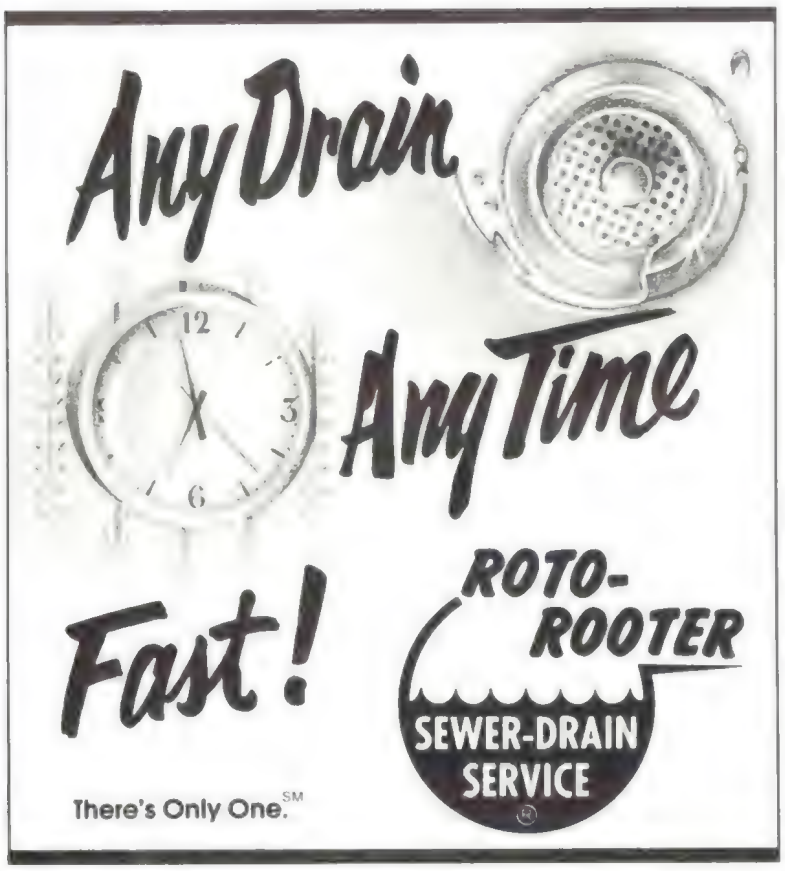

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TIME/MAY 16, 1983

Uneasy over a Secret War

When should an open society resort to covert action?

The debate was not merely over the activities involved, although they were indeed controversial. What caused greater worry was the fact that, at least in theory, the operation was secret, evoking disquieting memories of dubious CIA ventures that had backfired in the past. After a decade of discomfort over even the thought of using covert action to interfere in the affairs of other nations, President Reagan was unabashedly restoring the role of that weapon by supporting *contra* guerrillas fighting the Sandinista regime in Nicaragua.

The issue came to a head last Tuesday when the House Permanent Select Committee on Intelligence defied Reagan and recommended cutting off covert aid to the *contras*. The lawmakers decided that the Administration's professed goal of stemming the flow of arms to rebels in El Salvador could best be accomplished in the open. The Senate Select Committee on Intelligence rejected this proposal on Friday, and the covert funds are likely to continue at least until the end of September. But the committee insisted that in the future it have the right to approve or veto specific covert activities. The anguished public debate over Washington's clandestine involvement in Central America, a region where the nation's interests are clearly at stake and the evidence of foreign subversion is widespread, called into question whether covert methods can be used effectively by the U.S.

During his 1980 campaign, Reagan pledged to rebuild the nation's intelligence agencies as part of his overall plan to end America's post–Viet Nam timidity about asserting its interests abroad. The Republican platform specifically addressed covert operations, calling it "a capability which only the U.S. among the major powers has denied itself." Supporters argue that covert action is an essential tool, lying somewhere between a diplomatic *démarche* and a landing by the Marines.

Opponents of covert activities say that the U.S. should hold itself to a higher standard and not meddle in an underhanded way in the affairs of other countries. They also argue that given the nature of American society, covert activities are unlikely to stay secret for long. One reason is that after the Watergate-era investigations of abuses by the CIA, Congress insisted on a more stringent watchdog role. Another is that the nature of journalism has changed. In 1961 the New York *Times* voluntarily withheld information it had about the impending Bay of Pigs invasion of Cuba; today major news organizations are inclined to publish that type of story.

Despite their uneasiness over the Administration's activities in Nicaragua, most Congressmen believe that clandestine operations can play a legitimate role in protecting national security. "The adversary uses them all the time and a hell of a lot more than we do," says Edward Boland of Massachusetts, chairman of the House Intelligence Committee. "I think they're a necessity." Indeed, members last year approved Reagan's request for secret funding to the *contras* as a way of interdicting Nicaraguan arms shipments to the Salvadoran rebels. But Boland attached an amendment barring the use of any of the funds "for the purpose of overthrowing the government of Nicaragua."

As news reports over the past few months disclosed more and more about the CIA involvement with the *contras*, members began to feel political heat for apparently condoning the program. More important, many became convinced that the Administration was violating the Boland Amendment by using the aid as a way to destabilize the Marxist-led Sandinista regime. In an attempt to resolve both dilemmas, Boland and Clement Zablocki of Wisconsin proposed a second amendment, this one "to prohibit U.S. support for military or paramilitary operations in Nicaragua and to authorize assistance, to be openly provided to governments of countries in Central America, to

interdict the supply of military equipment from Nicaragua and Cuba."

For the first time since the House Intelligence Committee was given its oversight role in 1977, the members split on party lines. The breakdown of the committee's traditional nonpartisan approach threatened to undermine its sensitive role. "The one thing I don't want is to see this committee deteriorate into a partisan group," lamented Boland after the vote.

Reagan was less philosophical. He told aides that the House committee action was "irresponsible as hell." But in an interview with six reporters on the day after the vote, Reagan stumbled repeatedly in trying to explain his policies. He seemed to confirm that assistance to the *contras* was more than just a way to stop arms shipments to the Salvadoran rebels. He referred to the *contras* as "freedom fighters" and praised their struggle as a legitimate response to the broken promises of the Sandinista regime.

Reagan said the cutoff of covert authority by Congress "was taking away the ability of the Executive Branch to carry out its constitutional responsibilities." Another member of the Administration, U.N. Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick, impugned the motives of some members in an interview with a Buenos Aires newspaper: "There are people in the U.S. Congress who do not approve of our efforts to consolidate the constitutional government of El Salvador and who would actually like to see the Marxist forces take power in that country."

The Senate Intelligence Committee adopted a compromise proposal drafted by its chairman, Republican Barry Goldwater of Arizona. Under its provisions, the money already appropriated for the current fiscal year, which ends Sept. 30, will remain available. But to get any more funds, the President will have to submit a plan defining the objectives of CIA covert action in Central America, and have it approved by both intelligence committees.

Covert action, which is defined by the CIA as "any clandestine operation or activity designed to influence foreign governments, organizations, persons or events," has played a role in U.S. policy since the CIA was formed shortly after World War II. The agency was assigned the covert role of shoring up Western democracies in the face of spreading Communist influence. The first notable success occurred in Italy, where money and propaganda helped defeat the Communist Party in the 1948 elections.

The CIA was involved in two important coups a few years later. In Iran, American influence was solidified by the overthrow of Premier Mohammed Mossadegh's Soviet-supported regime in 1953 and the installation of the Shah. When the Guatemalan government of left-wing President Jacobo Arbenz Guzmán threatened to expropriate the property of the United Fruit Co. and other U.S. interests, he was toppled in 1954 and replaced by a pro-American regime. In both cases, the interventions were successful but left a legacy of anti-U.S. bitterness.

During President Kennedy's term, the agency sponsored the disastrous Bay of Pigs invasion and initiated a paramilitary operation in Laos that became a sustained "secret war" against the Communists. Throughout the 1960s, the CIA ran clandestine operations in Viet Nam. The most ambitious of these was the Phoenix program, a long-term coordinated attack against the civilian leadership of the Viet Cong that resulted in the murder of 20,000 people.

The free rein given to clandestine operations ended in the mid-1970s. Hearings chaired by Frank Church, then a Democratic Senator from Idaho, revealed a panoply of dirty tricks that shocked the American public. From 1960 to 1965, according to the Church report, the CIA concocted at least eight plots, none ever carried out, to kill Cuba's Fidel Castro, as well as a bizarre scheme to dust the dictator's shoes with a powder designed to make his beard fall out. The agency was also implicated in the assassination of Dominican Republic Dictator Rafael Trujillo in 1961 and a failed attempt on the life of Premier Patrice Lumumba of the Congo. The pro-Soviet Lumumba was killed in 1961, a year after the CIA attempt, by rivals acting on their own.

In the wake of these revelations, the CIA carried out a draconian house-cleaning program. Stansfield Turner, director under President Carter, cut more than 800 jobs, leaving the agency to concentrate on the task of intelligence collection and assessment. An Executive order signed by President Carter prohibited involvement in assassination attempts, and Congress passed a law requiring the Executive Branch to certify that any anticipated intelligence activity was considered "important to the national security." By the time Reagan took office, the CIA had fewer than 200 clandestine operatives, compared to the more than 2,000 in the heyday of the 1960s.

Public agonizing over the role of covert activity does not, of course, constrain the Soviet Union. There is evidence linking the Soviets to terrorist groups such as Italy's Red Brigades and West Germany's Baader-Meinhof gang, as well as to elements of the antinuclear movement in Western Europe. America's Western allies, including such sturdy democracies as France and Britain, seem able to mount covert operations when necessary. "It would be illogical for us to discuss our covert operations in full view of the rest of the world," says a former French counterintelligence chief. "We see such operations as instruments of dissuasion, but that doctrine wouldn't work at all if

France publicly indicated what it was or was not prepared to do."

The spate of detailed disclosures in the past few years about the CIA's dirty work has shown that covert projects, even if successful, can result in resentment of U.S. influence. The absurd lengths to which it can be stretched were revealed last week in the West German parliament when members of the antinuclear Green Party charged that the U.S. was responsible for the death of a West German doctor who was executed by *contras* in Nicaragua two weeks ago. Party Leader Petra Kelly raised a banner in front of the speaker's podium reading: SUPPORTING THE U.S.A. MEANS TO BE IMPLICATED IN THE DEATH OF ALBRECHT PFLAUM.

Such barbs do not seem to bother Reagan or his CIA director, William Casey. When Casey took over the agency, he promised his staff "good new days ahead." The CIA is expanding its program to supply arms to rebels fighting the Soviet Union puppet regime in Afghanistan *(see box)*. According to intelligence analysts, the U.S. is believed to be helping Libyan dissidents forge an opposition to Dictator Muamar Gaddafi and is suspected of circumventing the ban on covert operations in Angola in order to keep alive the anti-Communist insurgency there.

The full-scale CIA association with the Nicaraguan *contras* began last October. A State Department official in Central America who is intimately involved with the covert operation says, "So far, they're doing better than expected, but in limited geographic areas." This official argues that the growing strength of the *contras* provides an effective way for the U.S. to apply pressure on the Sandinista government to end its backing of rebels in El Salvador. Agrees a senior State Department official in Washington: "Now we have got an element of reciprocity that gives Nicaragua an incentive to sit down and talk. We've got some bargaining chips: you call off your dogs and we'll call off ours."

If intercepting the arms flowing to the Salvadoran rebels were the Administration's only objective, there would be little reason to keep the operation covert. Money for border patrols and similar activities could be openly provided, as it now is to Honduras and other friendly nations. But restricting the arms flow will not dissuade the Nicaragua regime from trying to export its revolution. The only way to do that, the Reagan Administration evidently feels, is to aid the *contras* fighting inside Nicaragua. Such support cannot be supplied overtly; it violates international law, including the charter of the Organization of American States.

Nor can the U.S. openly channel aid to the *contras* through friendly countries. Central American governments are understandably loath to be the bagman for what is seen by many in the region as *Yanqui* imperialism. As Reagan said last week: "We'd be asking some other government to do what our Congress has said we can't do."

At the moment, the paramilitary pressure being brought to bear on Nicaragua seems to be working. The Sandinista leaders have recently shown a willingness to negotiate. Moreover, it is a sign to friend and foe alike that the U.S. is prepared to draw the line against the spread of Marxist-Leninist revolution. But as usual, covert action carries heavy risks. For one, the operation could prove unsuccessful, leaving a sediment of anti-American feelings. For another, the domestic debate over covert action is costing Reagan valuable political capital. The question now is whether the U.S. can sustain its covert operation long enough to wear down the Sandinistas or, failing in that, develop an overt response that will accomplish the same end. *—By Walter Isaacson. Reported by Laurence I. Barrett and Christopher Redman/Washington*

Afghan guerrillas train with machine gun under a camouflage net

The Afghan Connection

It had been an open secret that the State Department took care neither to confirm nor deny. As long as it was widely believed but not officially acknowledged that the U.S. was helping Afghan guerrillas resist the Soviet occupation of their country, the Reagan Administration enjoyed the best of all worlds. It could bask in the credit for aiding a just cause without interference from Congress or propaganda attacks from the East bloc.

But in a surprise move last week, a segment of the Administration made the American role public by leaking details to the New York *Times*. Unnamed Administration officials disclosed that President Reagan, hoping to turn the screws on Moscow for its three-year-old effort to control Afghanistan, had ordered an increase in the quantity and quality of arms for the insurgents fighting the 105,000-man Soviet force. In December, the officials said, the Central Intelligence Agency began providing the rebels with bazookas, mortars, mines and recoilless rifles. Since then the Soviets have stepped up their military activity. The result has been a standoff, with more casualties for both sides.

The bill for the arms sent to Afghanistan is between $30 million and $50 million a year, borne equally by the U.S. and Saudi Arabia, which are concerned about the Soviet military threat to the Persian Gulf area. Drawn from old Egyptian stockpiles (and, ironically, manufactured by the Soviets), the weapons are shipped to Pakistan by air and sea, then trucked to the Afghanistan border. U.S. officials said that the Pakistanis have been under pressure from Moscow to stanch the arms flow, but continue to look the other way in return for a six-year, $3.2 billion aid package from Washington.

Publicly, State Department officials stayed mum on the leak and tried to shift attention back to American support for the Pakistani-led efforts to negotiate a political settlement for Afghanistan. Privately, however, they were furious. They were worried that the revelation would embarrass the Pakistanis into cracking down on the arms shipments. "Successful covert actions must be kept quiet," snapped one official. "That's why they're covert." Some State Department hands speculated that the leak was designed to highlight the Administration's involvement in a popular cause like Afghanistan, where the Soviet threat is unambiguous, as a way of justifying intervention in the murkier internal affairs of Nicaragua. Equally dismayed, U.S. intelligence officials suggested that the Administration wanted to be seen, as one put it, as "tackling the Communist threat."

Oblivious to the diplomatic flap, the Afghan rebels were jubilant. Said a spokesman: "With such weapons we can hurt the Soviets, and we give them warning in language they understand that we are not about to quit."

Lemonade in hand, Reagan faces a San Antonio crowd with the mayor's wife Mary Alice Cisneros

Off and Not Yet Running

Reagan touches key political bases in the Sunbelt

To Ronald Reagan, the occasion was a "homecoming." To others, it looked like an exploratory mission on the 1984 presidential campaign trail. Either way, the President was clearly in his political element last week, as he escaped the legislative infighting of Washington for a two-day foray into the Sunbelt.

In San Antonio, Reagan spent 45 minutes with a flag-waving crowd of 1,000 people, including some 500 Hispanic Americans; he sipped lemonade, munched on a guacamole taco, and expounded on his economic and Central American policies. In Phoenix, he told some 4,000 enthusiastic members of the National Rifle Association that "we will never disarm any American who seeks to protect his or her family." Throughout the trip, Reagan looked and behaved very much like an undeclared candidate for re-election. As one of his aides put it, "The more we touch constituent bases, the more evident it is that he is running."

Maybe yes, maybe no; Reagan was still not saying. Nonetheless, last week's trip highlighted the political challenge Reagan would face in 1984, if and when he declares himself: to shore up support among right-wing Republican supporters while reaching out to swing such groups as Hispanics, blue-collar workers and Roman Catholics.

The President's San Antonio visit was his second to Texas in seven days. White House aides explained Reagan's continuing interest in the Lone Star State by calling it one of the "big three," meaning that Texas, along with California and Florida, are the three Sunbelt states that Reagan must carry to win in 1984. Hispanic voters are a crucial bloc in all three states; thus Reagan was happy to be in San Antonio to help commemorate Mexico's 1862 defeat of occupying French forces.

Standing alongside the city's Democratic mayor, Henry Cisneros, and his wife Mary Alice, Reagan lauded Hispanics for "shouldering ever increasing responsibility" in U.S. Government. On unemployment, a problem that has hurt Hispanics almost as badly as blacks, Reagan cited this year's $4.6 billion jobs bill and his Administration's emphasis on job-training programs. On Latin American policy, Reagan declared that "the United States can no longer remain complacent about what is happening to our friends and neighbors to the south." Reagan's remarks were fairly bland, but the crowd, many of them sporting blue-and-white REAGAN IN 84 buttons, was enthusiastic. Yelled one spectator: "Just run for re-election. Then you can keep up the good work."

Before the Phoenix audience, Reagan, himself a lifelong NRA member, declared that "those who seek to inflict harm are not fazed by gun-control laws." Then he added, referring to his own 1981 shooting: "I happen to know this from personal experience." Earlier in the day, Reagan visited a gathering of some 300 elderly volunteer sheriff's posse members, where he took credit for reducing inflation, fighting crime and saving the Social Security system.

Reagan's upcoming trips also have a political cast. Later this month, for example, he plans to appear at a Cuban-American day in Miami. Indeed, despite his continuing protestations that he has yet to decide whether to run, Reagan left little room for doubt about his intentions when he appeared earlier last week at a G.O.P. congressional strategy session in Washington. If Democratic insistence on lower defense spending and higher taxes leads to a budget impasse in Congress, he said, "then we'd be sitting perfectly for 1984." ■

Murky Outcome

A freeze vote that wasn't

"This is a unique instance in the history of arms control," said Speaker of the House Tip O'Neill last week. Perhaps so, but the occasion was also a murky one. After more than 40 hours of amendment-filled debate spread over seven tedious weeks, the House finally voted on its contentious call for a nuclear arms freeze by the U.S. and the U.S.S.R., a measure opposed by the Reagan Administration. The tally on the nonbinding resolution: 278 in favor, 149 against. Confusingly enough, both pro- and anti-freeze legislators claimed victory.

Like many other issues that have sprung into the legislative hopper of Congress from grass-roots American concern, the final House resolution was a compromise. Originally, the document called only for the Reagan Administration to pursue an "immediate, mutual and verifiable" nuclear arms freeze with the Soviets at the ongoing arms-limitation talks in Geneva. The White House insisted, however, that an acceptable arms-reduction agreement would have to be reached before an arms freeze could take place in order to prevent any Soviet advantage in bargaining. Under the sponsorship of Republican Henry Hyde of Illinois and Democrat Elliott Levitas of Georgia, an amendment to the original House measure proposed to rescind a freeze if arms reductions did not follow within "a reasonable specified period." It passed 221 to 203, less than three hours before the final freeze vote.

Levitas

Both sides in the House made predictable hay of the resulting package. But in a formal statement from the White House, President Reagan declared that the resolution "is not an answer to arms control that I can responsibly support."

Administration nuclear arms strategy was under nagging and contradictory pressure on several other fronts last week. In Chicago, the country's Roman Catholic bishops adopted a pastoral letter that is sharply at odds with many elements of Reagan policy (*see* RELIGION). And earlier in the week, three U.S. Senators, including Democrat Sam Nunn of Georgia, sent the President a letter warning of their potential opposition to deployment of the controversial MX missile. A similar message came from nine members of the House, who were led by Albert Gore of Tennessee. The price of their acquiescence, the Congressmen wrote, was a more flexible U.S. approach to the strategic-arms talks going on in Geneva. If the White House bows to the Congressmen's demand, there could be far more changes in U.S. nuclear policy than resulted from those seven windy weeks on Capitol Hill. ■

Mass Power

"Like the 1927 Yankees"

After he led the House Permanent Select Committee on Intelligence in its vote to cut off covert military aid to Nicaragua last week, Committee Chairman Edward P. Boland, a Massachusetts Democrat, asked House Speaker Tip O'Neill, a fellow Bay Stater, to authorize a closed-door session for the eventual floor debate by the full House. O'Neill happily obliged. The next day, Massachusetts Congressman Edward J. Markey helped dynamite a six-day legislative logjam holding up a House vote on a nuclear-freeze resolution by persuading O'Neill to engineer a virtually unprecedented change in House debate rules. The resolution passed 278 to 149.

Such feats are all in a week's work for the two Senators and eleven Congressmen from Massachusetts. The close-knit, mostly liberal delegation is the bane of President Reagan on Capitol Hill. After Reagan nominated Kenneth Adelman to direct the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, Massachusetts Democratic Senator Paul Tsongas provocatively suggested that Adelman's defeat would be "the Senate's equivalent of a nuclear freeze." The freeze movement was spearheaded in the Senate by Massachusetts Democrat Edward Kennedy and in the House by Markey. And after Reagan denounced public service jobs as "make work" programs, Boland successfully worked to retain them in the $4.6 billion jobs bill enacted in March. Gloats Markey: "Our delegation is like the 1927 Yankees—the greatest team of all time."

Members of the Massachusetts gang are strategically placed among the most important committees in the House—Appropriations, Ways and Means, and Rules. Three of the past five Speakers of the House have come from Massachusetts—Joe Martin (1947-49, 1953-55), John McCormack (1962-71) and O'Neill (since 1977)—and all have been true to their heritage. "It's kind of like crop rotation," said Massachusetts Democratic Congressman James Shannon. "When Martin and McCormack were here, they made sure that Massachusetts members got on good committees. Now Tip is doing the same thing with us."

The delegation rarely meets formally. But off Capitol Hill, many members are close friends, which adds to the group's political cohesiveness. Until O'Neill's wife moved from Cambridge to Washington, he and Boland were the city's version of the odd couple: the disheveled Speaker and the natty Congressman shared a house for 24 years. The delegation's only Republican, Congressman Silvio Conte, is a gourmet cook who invites the O'Neills over for dinner. Says Conte: "We all have a tremendous relationship. And it makes our delegation one of the most powerful in Congress." ■

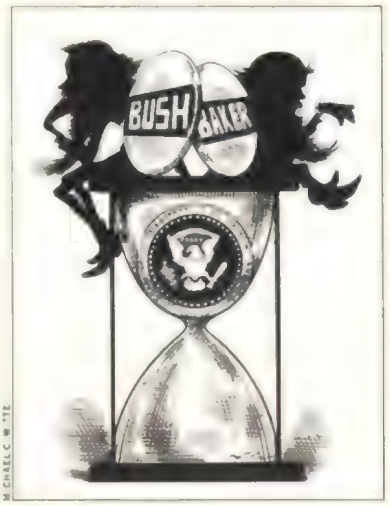
The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

The Graying of the Office

Not only has Ronald Reagan dispelled the myth that old men can't be President, he may have started a geriatric parade at the White House that could last for the rest of the century. If he seeks and wins another term, most of his would-be successors will be old men themselves by the time they have a crack at the Oval Office.

Right now the dispassionate oddsmakers suspect that Reagan enjoys his job enough to want it for four more years. More important, the economy is rebounding, and public pressure is softening Reagan's hard-line instincts on the Soviets and arms control. Accidental or not, these two developments bode well for his chances in 1984.

The other day on his way down to Houston, the President told a reporter that if he decided to seek re-election, he surely wanted Houstonian George Bush to be his running mate again. Instantly, Bush signaled that he had been hoping for such an invitation and that he was ready for another race if Reagan was.



Bush still wants to be President. He jogs, has no double chin, still wears a preppie watchband. His body and his ambition should easily survive two Reagan terms. After eight years of loyal if inglorious service as Vice President, Bush would have a strong claim on the top spot of the 1988 Republican ticket. He would be 64, an age we used to consider too advanced for starting a presidential quest, much less enduring the rigors of four years in office.

Howard Baker, the other Republican worthy, is also determined to hang around and reach for the brass ring. He is a year younger than Bush. But by 1988, he too will be on the threshold of those golden years when a man might prefer shuffleboard to hand-to-hand combat with Democrats and overnight flights to distant capitals.

If the Democrats lose to Reagan next year, will their pre-eminent contenders turn over the presidential torch to younger compatriots? Hardly. Walter Mondale will be 60 and John Glenn will be 67 in 1988. Both will be beyond the age that we used to judge ideal for the presidency. But both will still be younger than Reagan was when he was first elected.

The average age of our 39 Presidents when they took office is 55. The youngest was Theodore Roosevelt, who made it at 42, thanks to an assassin. John Kennedy, at 43, was the youngest elected President. The oldest is Reagan. The sample is too small to support a valid statistical trend. Yet a glance at this century's Chief Executives and their Inaugural ages suggests that the presidency is growing grayer (unless Reagan passes along the secret of his Hollywood hair): Theodore Roosevelt, 42; Taft, 51; Wilson, 56; Harding, 55; Coolidge, 51; Hoover, 54; Franklin Roosevelt, 51; Truman, 60; Eisenhower, 62; Kennedy, 43; Johnson, 55; Nixon, 56; Ford, 61; Carter, 52; Reagan, 69.

Politicians, like other people, are plainly living longer and enjoying it more. The suggestions by some professors and journalists that elected leaders often hate their work and are dying to get back to the ranch are mostly nonsense. They seem happier and more vigorous in Washington. Johnson, Nixon, Ford and Carter were all reluctant to leave the Oval Office.

There is something else to consider: America may no longer be so enthralled by the freshness and energy of youth. There is a detectable distrust of brilliance not tempered or cooled by experience. The qualities that many Americans feel are most needed in a President today—historical perspective, intuition, patience, courage, wisdom—are those most likely to come from long, sweaty years in the arena. The complexities of the issues, not to mention the gravity of international relations in a nuclear age, may require that our Presidents serve as understudies longer than ever before.

ITT announces the biggest advance in television since color.

Your everyday television set is about to become computer-like.

And it will be doing some very un television-like things.

It's all due to the item you see here – a sophisticated set of eight semiconductor chips developed by the people of ITT.

These tiny chips will replace some 350 parts in today's television set.

Using the latest in digital technology ("digital" being the language of computers), they will be able to provide astonishingly clear pictures (clearer than anything *any* TV had before). As well as superb, new sound quality.

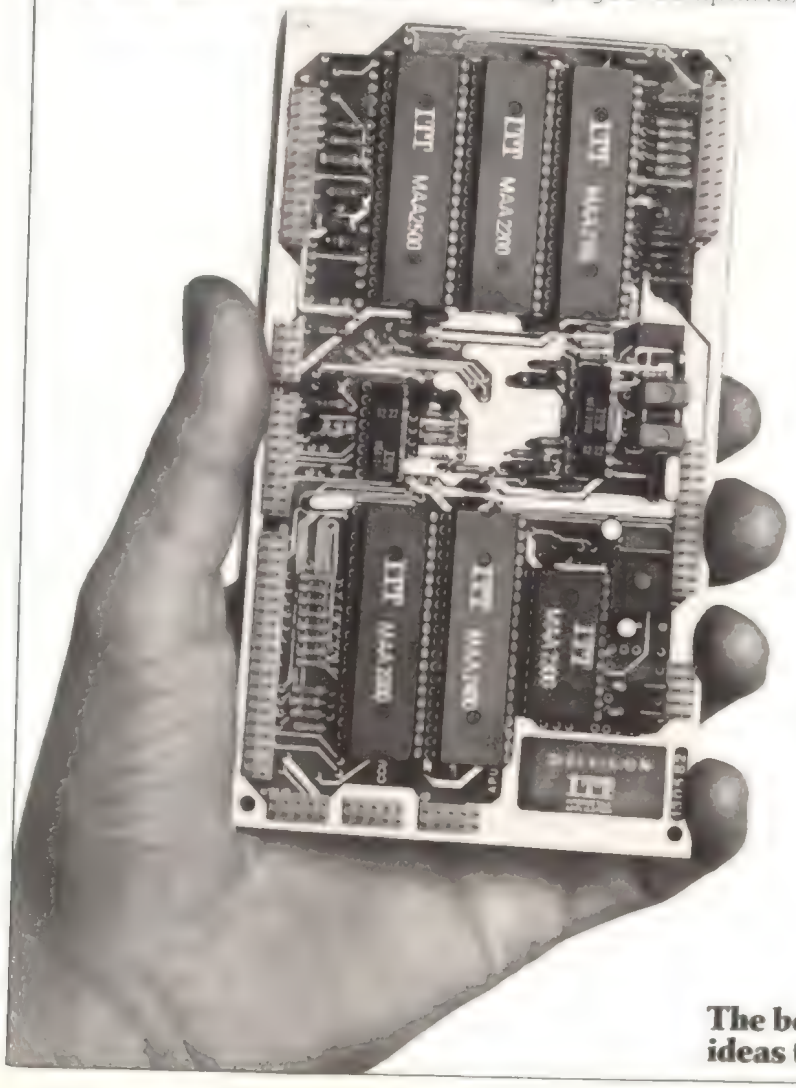
You'll also be able to have two channels on your TV screen at once. Finding out how your stock did on one channel, for example, while you watch the late news on another.

With this new kind of TV it will be easy to shop at home. You'll just punch up your purchase on a keyboard, selecting from a catalog on the TV screen.

Your TV set will even become part of a home security network – allowing you to have surveillance over your whole property at the touch of a finger.

ITT is making these chips available to various television manufacturers who will be marketing their own "digital" TV sets very soon.

It's a television worth watching for.



The best ideas are the ideas that help people. ITT

Paying for National Pyramids

Congress may curb the perks of former U.S. Presidents

As President, Jimmy Carter was a devoted cheapskate. He sold the presidential yacht, curtailed White House magazine subscriptions, and took away the limousines and office television sets of aides. But now that he is back in private life, Carter seems to have acquired a taste for the finer things. He asked the Government to buy a $15,000 wool carpet and two chandeliers costing $3,500 for his federally funded office in Atlanta. Even the General Services Administration, not known for its thrift in dealing with ex-Chief Executives, balked. So Carter managed to buy the rug below list price for $12,600, and is making do with chandeliers worth only $1,850.

In a time of budget whittling, this kind of outlay irks Democratic Senator Lawton Chiles of Florida and 15 colleagues who are co-sponsoring legislation to curb benefits for ex-Presidents and their families. Over the past three decades, the cost to taxpayers for what Chiles dubs "the imperial former presidency" has quietly spiraled from $64,000 to $27 million this fiscal year. The Federal Government picks up the tab for pensions, offices, staffs, round-the-clock Secret Service protection, maintenance for lavish presidential libraries and a gamut of other expenses ranging from car washes to cable-TV rentals to joke writers' fees. All this, Chiles points out, even though Carter, Gerald Ford and Richard Nixon are already millionaires from lucrative memoirs, speaking engagements and television deals. Says Chiles: "We seem to have allowed these people to go from working Presidents to retirement as royalty."

The legislation is likely to gain momentum from the announcement just over a week ago that Congress will have to start worrying about providing for the upkeep of a spacious Richard M. Nixon Presidential Library, which has finally found a home in San Clemente, Calif. An 80,000-sq.-ft. building, including a museum, is planned on a 13-acre, $6.5 million site in the city where Nixon had his Western White House. It will join the libraries and museums of seven other Presidents, built with private funds but staffed and maintained by the Government at a cost of $14.9 million this year. These modern pyramids have been getting ever more grandiose. Franklin D. Roosevelt started the trend when he built his own library at Hyde Park, N.Y., while still in office. Although he was President for only one-sixth as long as Roosevelt, and in a time of less historical importance, Ford has a library in Ann Arbor, Mich., and a museum in Grand Rapids that boast 50% more space than F.D.R.'s.

With his Secret Service jogging partners, Jimmy Carter runs along a Tel Aviv beach

"We have allowed these people to go from working Presidents to retirement as royalty."

Congress began funding the libraries in 1955 and three years later, moved by the plight of Harry Truman, added pensions and perks. While departing Presidents now get a transition fund of $1 million, Truman left the White House empty-handed. Back in Independence, Mo., he refused to take any job that would trade on his past and spent his time answering quantities of mail, an economic burden for the proud former haberdasher. Several of his predecessors had died in financial straits, including the penniless Ulysses S. Grant, who had tried to provide for his family by toiling over his memoirs while dying of throat cancer.

The Former Presidents Act of 1958, seeking to rectify such instances of national neglect, provided a $25,000 annual pension and $50,000 a year for office and staff, sums that have steadily escalated. Now each ex-President is entitled to a lifetime annual salary equal to that of a Cabinet Secretary (currently $80,100). Widows get $20,000 a year. The retiree also gets $150,000 for a staff during the first 30 months and $96,000 a year thereafter, unlimited nonpolitical postage and a furnished office. The expenses are flexible. "The law says the office must be 'suitably' furnished," says General Services Administration Official Raymond Fontaine. "Does that mean a $500 coffee table or a $5,000 coffee table?"

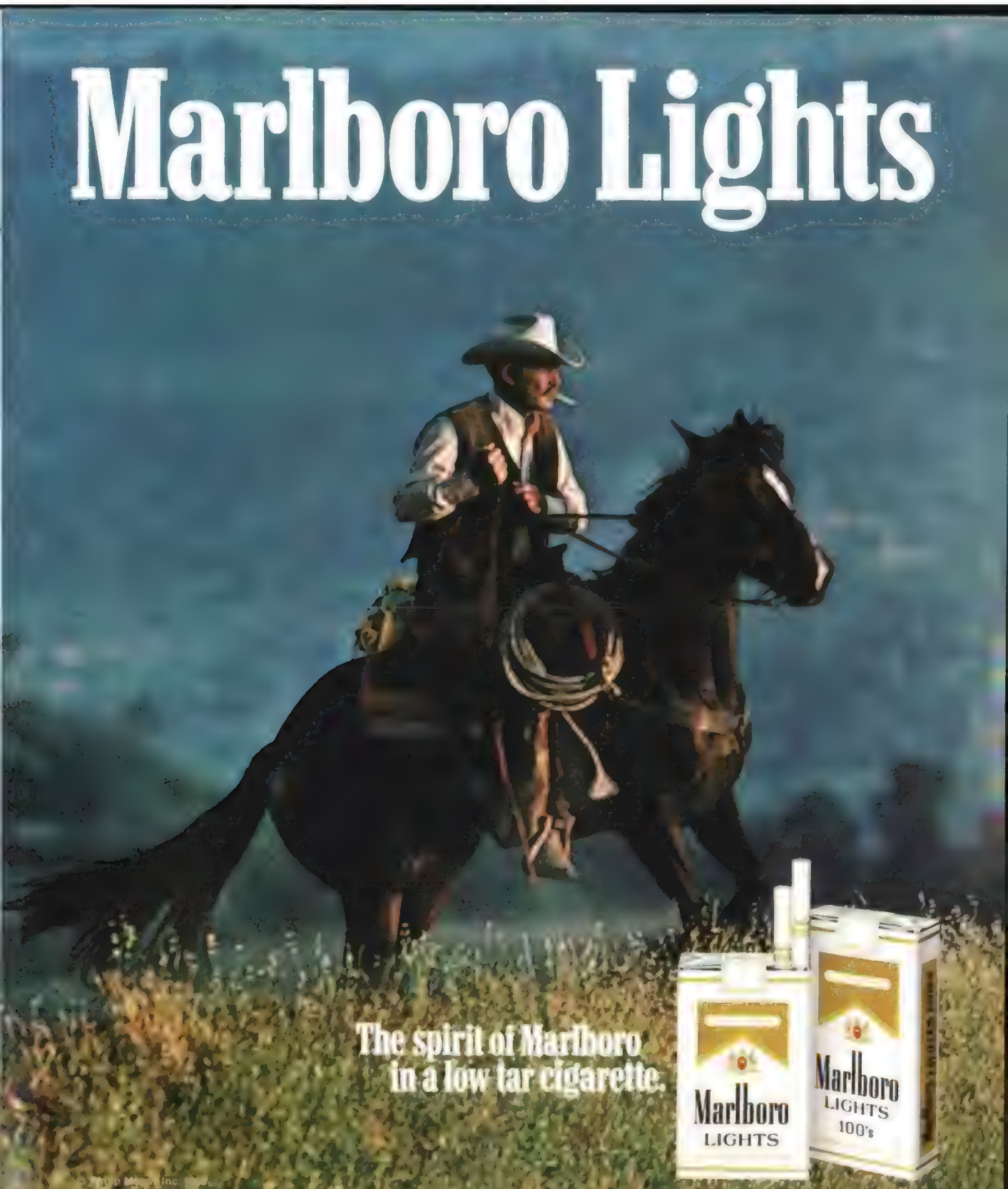
The new bill would set limits on the size of presidential libraries, offices and staff, cut the current lifetime Secret Service protection to a period of eight years after a President has left office (except in special circumstances), and drop protection for spouses, widows and minor children. Bess Truman, who rarely left the house after her husband died in 1972, was guarded continuously by agents until her death last year. Congress had to pass a $1 million supplemental appropriation after Lady Bird Johnson cruised the Greek islands with friends and twelve Secret Service agents. The measure would also stipulate that the profits retired Presidents earn from books written at Government expense would revert to the Treasury. Nixon, Ford and Carter all had help from Government-paid staffers in writing their bestselling memoirs.

The Reagan Administration opposes the cutbacks, as do the Secret Service and National Archives, whose budgets have expanded markedly thanks to the original acts. The cost of bodyguards for ex-Presidents and their families has swelled from a first-year expense of $49,507 in 1964 to more than $12 million this year. Although the three former Presidents pay for their personal travel, taxpayers finance accompanying staffers and Secret Service agents. When Jimmy and Rosalynn Carter visited the Middle East in March, a reported 36 agents went along on the 19-day trip. Robert Powis, an official at the Treasury Department, which oversees the Secret Service, insists that the expensive protection for former White House residents is small compared with the national trauma that might result from a kidnaping or assassination.

Spokesmen for the trio of past Presidents say they are judicious about spending Government money. Of $800,000 Carter received for his transition, he returned $128,000. Ford regularly gives back $12,000 to $14,000 a year in expenses. When Nixon moved from Manhattan to a house in Saddle River, N.J., he spent $50,000 of his own money to convert a carport into a Secret Service command post. Ford Aide Robert Barrett defends the federal allowances. Says he: "It's the only reasonable way to deal with what former Presidents have to deal with." —*By Maureen Dowd.*

Reported by Hays Gorey/Washington

Marlboro Lights



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CHEVROLET CAPRICE. ONE OF THE "TEN BEST CARS." FOREIGN OR DOMESTIC.

Car and Driver, Jan. '83

Car and Driver magazine considered all the cars you could buy this year, foreign or domestic. Then they narrowed them down to the Ten Best Cars.

Only one full-size car made the list.

It was not a $30,000 import, it was not a $20,000 luxury car.

It was a Chevrolet. Our 1983 Chevrolet Caprice Classic.

Compare Caprice with any other car, large or small, foreign or domestic. For the six-passenger room you want, the comfort, the trunk space, the ride, the quietness, the secure feel behind the wheel.

For what you want in a new car. And for what you're asked to pay.

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Let's get it together...buckle up.

A showdown of styles: the phlegmatic Goode, left, is a foil to the flamboyant Rizzo

Face-Off in Philadelphia

Race is not a weapon in this heated mayoral primary

At Harold Washington's boisterous victory rally in Chicago's Donnelley Hall last month, his supporters held aloft a banner that read RIZZO IS NEXT. The allusion was to Philadelphia's hard-nosed former mayor Frank Rizzo, who has fought an uphill battle against his black opponent, W. Wilson Goode, the city's former managing director, for the Democratic Party's mayoral nomination on May 17. Thus far, however, traditionally Democratic Philadelphia has successfully ducked the racial mudslinging that made Chicago's mayoral election one of the bitterest in American history. Both Rizzo and Goode, along with the three Republican primary contenders, signed a pledge four weeks ago to avoid raising race as a campaign issue.

During his two-term mayoral stint, which ended in 1980, the tough-talking Rizzo earned enemies among blacks and liberals for his outspoken support of a police department they considered to be brutal to blacks and insensitive to citizens' rights. To soften his combative image during the current campaign, Rizzo signed up for some public relations cosmetology. First he hired New York Media Consultant David Sawyer, who attempted unsuccessfully to portray his barrel-chested client as wiser and mellower. Then Sawyer's replacement, Baltimore Consultant Robert Goodman, promised to show "not the old Rizzo or the new Rizzo, but the real Rizzo." Shortly after, Rizzo endorsed Bernard Epton, Washington's Republican opponent in Chicago, compared Civil Rights Leader Jesse Jackson to Adolf Hitler and called Goode "a big zero." Now Rizzo's TV ads close with: "You don't have to like Frank Rizzo to vote for him as mayor."

Goode, a phlegmatic campaigner, is a stylistic foil to the flamboyant Rizzo. He greets commuters at subway stops with a brisk handshake, but often does not ask for their votes. His master's degree from the University of Pennsylvania's Wharton School and proven administrative talents reassure many white voters, but he is viewed as dull and humorless. A Goode aide was so afraid his candidate would forget to smile during a TV debate that he drew a smiling face on Goode's opening statement.

Sound city management has nosed out jobs as the front-burner issue. Goode reminds voters that as city managing director he negotiated tough contracts with municipal unions. Rizzo trumpets his record as a mayor who cleaned the streets of garbage as well as criminals.

A Philadelphia *Daily News* poll released last week showed Goode with a hefty 26-point lead among the city's nearly 888,000 registered Democrats. Goode is expected to capture better than 85% of the city's approximately 389,000 black Democratic voters. He may take between 30% and 35% of the whites in a city where Democrats outnumber Republicans 5 to 1. Despite the statistics, aides to both candidates agree that race, an X factor in the voting booth, could still make the election close.

There is no clear favorite among the Republicans. But the stakes for the victor could be high. Should Goode win, and the Nov. 8 general election divide along racial lines, Philadelphia might end up with its first Republican mayor in 32 years. ■

Unsealed Fate

A 30¢ nightmare

Eastern Air Lines Flight 855 from Miami International Airport is normally a 30-minute pleasure hop to the resort of Nassau, some 180 miles away. But the trip became a brief waking nightmare for 162 passengers and ten crew members aboard Flight 855 last week. For 50 heart-stopping minutes, they faced possible disaster as their trijet L-1011 aircraft lost power in all three engines and fell almost four miles, to within 4,000 ft. of the Atlantic waves. As trembling passengers fumbled into their life jackets, Pilot Richard Boddy made an ominous announcement: "Ditching is imminent." Alerted Coast Guard cutters sped toward the scene. Then, responding to the pilot's frantic efforts, the rear engine sputtered alive again. The pilot was able to return the crippled aircraft safely to an emergency landing in Miami. Said Passenger Janet Jacobs, of Hollywood, Fla.: "We are the luckiest people alive."

The near tragedy had a merciful ending, but in its wake came a sobering discovery: only a few pennies' worth of human carelessness had almost downed one of the world's sophisticated commercial aircraft. The cause of the Miami mishap was the absence of three thumb-size rubber seals, known as O rings, which are normally fitted to magnetized plugs on oil lines in each of the L-1011's Rolls-Royce engines. According to Eastern's maintenance procedure, the oil plugs with their O rings are removed overnight after each jetliner flight so that the condition of the engine lubricant can be checked. The plugs that were returned to Flight 855 lacked the O-ring seals, each of which costs about 10¢, causing an oil leak under high-pressure operation, which eventually led to the near fatal engine seizures. Alarmingly, the jet had passed a preflight inspection test that uses air pressure to force the engines up to starting speed precisely to ensure that the oil pressure is normal. Making the entire incident even more painful from Eastern management's point of view was the fact that the company had recently granted a 32% pay increase to members of the machinists' union, who are responsible for engine maintenance.

Plug with O ring

Since the mishap, Eastern has checked the seals of the other 27 L-1011s in its fleet to make sure that the O rings are in place. But for 48 of the passengers from Flight 855, that precaution was not enough. While their fellow travelers determinedly boarded another Eastern jet that was bound for Nassau, the 48 decided to remain shakily but safely on the ground in Miami. ■

United States Patent 4,378,627 is in good company.

4,379,218 – FLUXLESS ION BEAM SOLDERING PROCESS – 4/5/83

4,379,022 – METHOD FOR MASKLESS CHEMICAL MACHINING – 4/5/83

4,379,005 – SEMICONDUCTOR DEVICE FABRICATION – 4/5/83

4,378,630 – PROCESS FOR FABRICATING A HIGH PERFORMANCE PNP AND NPN STRUCTURE – 4/5/83

4,378,627 – SELF-ALIGNED METAL PROCESS FOR FIELD EFFECT TRANSISTOR INTEGRATED CIRCUITS USING POLYCRYSTALLINE SILICON GATE ELECTRODES – 4/5/83

4,378,589 – UNIDIRECTIONAL LOOPED BUS MICROCOMPUTER ARCHITECTURE – 3/29/83

4,378,421 – CLEANING METHOD AND APPARATUS FOR AN ELECTROGRAPHIC SYSTEM – 3/29/83

4,378,383 – METHOD OF MAKING CONDUCTIVE PATHS THROUGH A LAMINA IN A SEMICONDUCTOR DEVICE – 3/29/83

4,377,854 – SUBSTRATE FOR MAGNETIC DOMAIN DEVICE – 3/22/83

4,377,849 – MACRO ASSEMBLER PROCESS FOR AUTOMATED CIRCUIT DESIGN – 3/22/83

4,377,845 – OPTIONAL MACHINE INHIBITION FOR FEATURE MALFUNCTION – 3/22/83

4,377,842 – FLYBACK VOLTAGE CONTROL – 3/22/83

4,377,806 – PARALLEL TO SERIAL CONVERTER – 3/22/83

4,377,803 – ALGORITHM FOR THE SEGMENTATION OF PRINTED FIXED PITCH DOCUMENTS – 3/22/83

4,377,633 – METHODS OF SIMULTANEOUS CONTACT AND METAL LITHOGRAPHY PATTERNING – 3/22/83

4,377,338 – METHOD AND APPARATUS FOR COPIER QUALITY MONITORING AND CONTROL – 3/22/83

4,376,963 – COMPOSITE MAGNETIC RECORDING DISK – 3/15/83

4,376,960 – FLEXIBLE DISK STABILIZING STRUCTURE – 3/15/83

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4,366,540 – CYCLE CONTROL FOR A MICROPROCESSOR WITH MULTI-SPEED CONTROL STORES – 12/28/82

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4,366,518 – MULTI-TRACK HEAD ASSEMBLY – 12/28/82

4,366,493 – SEMICONDUCTOR BALLISTIC TRANSPORT DEVICE – 12/28/82

4,365,779 – TILT AND ROTATE APPARATUS FOR A DISPLAY MONITOR – 12/28/82

4,365,318 – TWO-SPEED RECIRCULATING MEMORY SYSTEM USING PARTIALLY GOOD COMPONENTS – 12/21/82

4,365,317 – SUPERCONDUCTIVE LATCH CIRCUIT – 12/21/82

4,365,296 – SYSTEM FOR CONTROLLING THE DURATION OF THE TIME INTERVAL BETWEEN BLOCKS OF DATA IN A COMPUTER-TO-COMPUTER COMMUNICATION SYSTEM – 12/21/82

4,365,235 – CHINESE/KANJI ON-LINE RECOGNITION SYSTEM – 12/21/82

4,365,163 – PATTERN INSPECTION TOOL – METHOD AND APPARATUS – 12/21/82

4,364,683 – PAPER FEED ROLLER ASSEMBLY FOR A TYPEWRITER OR PRINTER – 12/21/82

4,364,164 – SEMICONDUCTOR INTEGRATED CIRCUIT INTERCONNECTIONS – 12/21/82

4,364,100 – MULTI-LAYERED METALLIZED SILICON MATRIX SUBSTRATE – 12/14/82

4,364,074 – V-MOS DEVICE WITH SELF-ALIGNED MULTIPLE ELECTRODES – 12/14/82

4,364,024 – SIGNATURE PRES METHOD AND APPARATUS –

4,363,919 – HETEROFUDALE GEMINAL DITHIOLATE COM AND THEIR SELENIUM AND TELLURIUM ANALOGS AND OF FABRICATING THE SAME

4,363,828 – METHOD FOR DI SILICON FILMS AND RELAT MATERIALS BY A GLOW DIS IN A DISILANE OR HIGHER SILANE GAS – 12/14/82

4,363,549 – ELECTROMECHA OPERATED FUSER ROLL CLOSURE – 12/14/82

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4,363,124 – RECIRCULATING MEMORY ARRAY TESTER

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4,363,093 – PROCESSOR INTERCOMMUNICATION SYSTEM – 12/7/82

4,363,057 – RECIRCULATING DUCT DESIGN – 12/7/82

4,363,044 – TRAY FOR MAGN DRIVE MACHINE – 12/7/82

4,362,977 – METHOD AND AP FOR CALIBRATING A ROBO COMPENSATE FOR INACCU THE ROBOT – 12/7/82

4,362,843 – PROCESS FOR P A POLYMERIZED HEAT-RES LACQUER – 12/7/82

4,362,798 – HYDRAZONE AN PYRAZOLINE OR ACETOSO CONTAINING CHARGE TRA LAYER PHOTOCONDUCTOR ELECTROPHOTOGRAPHIC USING THE SAME – 12/7/82

4,362,662 – HETEROFUDALE GEMINAL DITHIOLATE CO AND THEIR SELENIUM AND TELLURIUM ANALOGS AND OF FABRICATING THE SAME

4,362,611 – QUADRUPOLE R SPUTTERING SYSTEM HAV ANODE-CATHODE SHIELD FLOATING TARGET SHIELD

4,362,596 – ETCH END POIN DETECTOR USING GAS FLO CHANGES – 12/7/82

4,362,486 – AUTOMATIC MU CERAMIC (MLC) SCREENIN MACHINE – 12/7/82

4,362,406 – DOT MATRIX PR HEAD – 2/7/82

4,361,845 – DEVICE FOR PRE THE CONTAMINATION OF I COMPONENTS – 11/30/82

4,361,781 – MULTIPLE ELECT CATHODE RAY TUBE – 11/30

4,361,768 – SUPERCONDUCTING SOLITON DEVICES – 11/30/82

4,360,898 – PROGRAMMABLE LOGIC ARRAY SYSTEM INCORPORATING JOSEPHSON DEVICES – 11/23/82

4,360,870 – PROGRAMMABLE I/O DEVICE IDENTIFICATION – 11/23/82

4,360,768 – HIGH CURRENT ACCELERATION SERVO MOTOR DRIVER – 11/23/82

4,360,583 – HIGH RESOLUTION VIDEO STORAGE DISK – 11/23/82

4,360,289 – PIN FOR BRAZING TO A SUBSTRATE AND IMPROVED PACKAGE

4,359,937 – DOT MATRIX PRINTER – 11/23/82

4,359,886 – SELF-ALIGNED METAL PROCESS FOR FIELD EFFECT TRANSISTOR INTEGRATED CIRCUITS – 11/23/82

4,359,772 – DUAL FUNCTION ERROR CORRECTING SYSTEM – 11/16/82

4,359,530 – ENHANCEMENT OF RESIST

4,359,286 – CHARACTER SET EXPANSION – 11/16/82

4,358,890 – PROCESS FOR MAKING A DUAL IMPLANTED DRAIN EXTENSION FOR BUCKET BRIGADE DEVICE TETRODE STRUCTURE – 11/16/82

4,358,848 – DUAL FUNCTION ECC SYSTEM WITH BLOCK CHECK BYTE – 11/9/82

U.S. Patent 4,378,627 was one of five issued to IBM on Tuesday, April 5. This invention will provide faster circuits for computers through increased density.

But as the latest addition to this partial list of IBM achievements in technology and science, it represents something larger: the creativity of IBM inventors.

Over the last 25 years, they've been granted more than 11,000 patents.

Their innovations and discoveries helped IBM make contributions to all aspects of the information processing industry — from typewriters to our largest computers.

For instance, our most advanced disk file transfers data at 3 million characters per second, the fastest rate available in a production unit. Our experimental 288,000-bit memory chip has the largest capacity yet reported for a chip produced on a manufacturing line. And the circuit packaging in our larger computers is the densest in the industry.

Each achievement, no matter how small (or how large), contributes to making IBM products faster, less expensive, easier to use and more reliable.

It's all part of IBM's worldwide commitment to research and development.

And that's the patent truth.

IMPROVED SOLDER INTERCONNECTION CAPABLE OF SUSTAINED HIGH POWER LEVELS BETWEEN A SEMICONDUCTOR DEVICE AND A SUPPORTING SUBSTRATE – 11/23/82

ON THE SURFACE OF A RECORD CARRIER – 11/16/82

4,359,288 – SINGLE PASS RIBBON CARTRIDGE FOR IMPACT PRINTERS HAVING MEANS TO PREVENT INCORRECT INSERTION – 11/16/82

STORAGE ORGANIZED ON A WORD BASES – 11/9/82

4,358,824 – OFFICE CORRESPONDENCE STORAGE AND RETRIEVAL SYSTEM – 11/9/82

Envisioning automobiles that will slip through the wind is only a beginning. The men and women who work the assembly lines then translate those visions into reality. That's why, in 68 plants across the country, over 1100 Employee Involvement Groups have been established by Ford Motor Company and the UAW. Their goal? To build the highest quality cars and trucks in the world. Members of this group, at the Kansas City, Missouri, Assembly Plant, used their skills to refine the fit and finish procedures needed to build the brand-new Ford Tempo well before this highly aerodynamic car went into production. All part of the effort to get a sound body designed to be free of squeaks and rattles. Employees speaking and management listening. Another reason Ford Motor Company achieved the highest quality rating of any major American car or truck maker. A fact based on a national survey measuring things gone wrong, after 3 months of ownership, conducted among 11,000 people owning Ford and competitive 1982 new vehicles. And it's further evidence that Ford Motor Company employees are great body builders.

Body Builders.

Ford
Mercury
Lincoln
Ford Trucks
Ford Tractors

Quality is Job 1.

Ford

Marian Cave sits amid the wreckage of her home in earthquake-torn Coalinga, right

"The Earth Was Going to Open Up"

A surprise quake wrecks a town and puzzles seismologists

Except for a brief moment of notoriety in 1978, when a plague of crickets carpeted its main street, nothing much ever happens in Coalinga, Calif. (pop. 7,271). Located in the fertile San Joaquin Valley, it is a sleepy little community whose most notable claim to fame is its unusual name, a garbled version of its early designation as a railroad's "Coaling Station A." Last week Coalinga (pronounced Clinga) was jolted out of its torpor, adding a puzzling footnote to California's seismic history.

At 4:42 on a clear, sunny Monday afternoon, the ground abruptly began to rumble and shake. In shops, fixtures rattled, goods flew off shelves and windows shattered. In a motel swimming pool, water splashed 30 feet into the air. Walls fell, chimneys crumbled and roofs collapsed. "I was slammed against one wall and then the other," said Eva Rhodes, 75, who had just started to make dinner. Added Cleona McCormack: "The way the floor was rolling, I thought the earth was going to open up and swallow me."

While the 20 seconds of intensive shaking, which registered 6.5 on the Richter scale, was far short of the blockbuster so long predicted for California, the temblor turned peaceful Coalinga into a smoldering ruin. Said John Bunker, 70, owner of a downtown stationery store: "It was like a bomb dropped." At least 47 people were injured, 300 buildings were demolished, and property damage exceeded $30 million. Yet miraculously, there were no immediate deaths.

The quake's epicenter was about seven miles northeast of Coalinga, some 20 miles from California's San Andreas Fault. Said State Geologist James F. Davis: "We don't believe that the stress regime is related to the San Andreas." Loose translation: the Coalinga quake did nothing to relieve the slow buildup of forces along the fault that virtually all scientists believe will eventually result in a major quake (8 or higher on the Richter scale).

Even so, the temblor was a vivid reminder of the terrible forces locked inside the earth. Much of the destruction came from fires, ignited by short-circuited wires and fueled by broken gas mains. Electric power was cut, the water supply was contaminated. For hours, Coalinga's people were largely isolated from the world because of severed telephone lines.

Residents rallied to one another's support. Jim Brooks opened his restaurant in the middle of the night to make free sandwiches. But many lifelong dreams were shattered. Stationer Bunker's wife Florence announced, "We are going to give up. We don't need a low-interest Government loan." Surveying the remains of a turn-of-the-century mansion he had carefully restored, Jack McCormack, 52, sighed: "I got $90,000 sitting on the ground." But Mayor Keith Scrivner refused to count Coalinga out. Said he: "We will rebuild." ■

DEVASTATION FROM A TWISTER: Looking like a scene out of *The Wizard of Oz*, a tornado appears over a high school in Weston, Ohio. The deadly funnel was one of many that hopscotched last week across Michigan, Ohio, New York and southern Ontario, killing at least seven people, injuring dozens more and causing millions of dollars in damage.

Partners in diplomacy: the Secretary of State chats with Menachem Begin outside the Prime Minister's office in Jerusalem last week

MIDDLE EAST

A Pilgrim's Progress

Shultz persuades Israel to withdraw from Lebanon, but complications arise

The session stretched on longer, much longer, than expected. For four, five, six hours, Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin and the members of his Cabinet huddled in Jerusalem and debated. U.S. Secretary of State George Shultz, recovering from a cold, waited patiently in his suite at the King David Hotel. Newsmen, clustered in the parking lot outside Begin's office, kept wondering: Was the length of the meeting auspicious? Or was it an ominous sign? At one point, Yuval Ne'eman, the Science and Development Minister, abruptly walked out, but it turned out that he had just learned that his daughter-in-law had died. Finally, after seven hours, a decision was announced: the Israeli Cabinet had voted, 17 to 2, to accept the accord worked out by Shultz on the withdrawal of 30,000 Israeli troops from Lebanon.*

But, as the U.S. has learned so often in its negotiations with the Begin government, there was still some fine print to be discussed. The Cabinet approved the agreement only in principle; in a terse communiqué issued after the meeting, the Israelis demanded "clarifications" on several issues. The crucial ones involved details of security arrangements in southern Lebanon and the fate of Major Saad Haddad, the former Lebanese army officer and longtime Israeli ally whose 1,000-to-2,000-man force has controlled the border area since 1978. Even some Cabinet members who voted for the accord were unhappy with the document. "It is not a good arrangement," declared Yitzhak Moda'i, Minister of Energy. "We should have received a better one."

Nonetheless, Cabinet Secretary Dan Meridor stressed that the Begin government did not consider its reservations to be a stumbling block to a final pact. "I don't see why the clarifications shouldn't be met," said Meridor. "Even if the clarifications aren't O.K., the agreement will be executed."

Syrian President Assad

With a gracious nod toward U.S. Special Envoy Philip Habib, Shultz modestly noted, "I have the pleasure of helping to put a little icing on the cake. At any rate, we hope it is a real good cake." Later the Secretary gave Jerusalem some good news: President Ronald Reagan would now lift the ban imposed last summer on the sale of 75 F-16 fighter planes to Israel.

No matter how the Begin government's questions are answered, the agreement still faces what may turn out to be its most difficult test: approval by Syria, which was not a party to the negotiations, but retains some 40,000 troops in Lebanon. Although the accord deals only with Israeli troops, Jerusalem has insisted its pullout is contingent upon the simultaneous withdrawal of all Syrian and P.L.O. forces. Thus if Syrian President Hafez Assad refuses to remove his army, Israeli soldiers will stay in Lebanon indefinitely. Shultz flew to Da-

*The two who voted no: Ne'eman and Ariel Sharon, the former defense chief who now serves in the largely powerless post of Minister Without Portfolio.

mascus on Saturday, declaring on arrival that he wanted to discuss "ways of putting an end to the turmoil in Lebanon." After six hours of talks with Assad and other Syrian officials, he wearily acknowledged that the Syrians were "hardly enthusiastic" about the agreement.

Just how fragile Lebanon remains was demonstrated anew as Druze and Christian militiamen launched a series of rocket and artillery duels. In the worst bombardment around Beirut since the Israeli siege last summer, Katyusha rockets, artillery shells and mortar rounds fell randomly across the city for three hours. The toll: at least 40 dead or wounded, with most of the casualties in East Beirut and the Christian suburbs north of the capital. The range of the attack strongly suggested the firepower came from areas controlled by the Syrians. It was widely assumed that Assad's troops, even if they did not undertake it themselves, had permitted the shelling as a timely reminder that Syria must be reckoned with.

From the start of his diplomatic shuttle two weeks ago, Shultz was confronted with a thankless task: to fashion a pact that satisfied Jerusalem's security demands in southern Lebanon while meeting Lebanese President Amin Gemayel's equally strong need to maintain his country's sovereignty in the eyes of the Arab world. The Israelis wanted a political agreement that would lead to closer ties between the two nations, but the Lebanese held out for a document that covered little more than the withdrawal of Israeli forces. Explained a senior U.S. official traveling with Shultz: "The Israelis must show that the invasion was worthwhile. That works counter to what the Lebanese want, which is to show that the Israelis got nothing."

The result is a 24-page masterpiece of diplomatic fog that will allow each side to claim, or to obscure, whatever it wants. Boasted an aide to Shultz: "The language is incomprehensible." The interpretation of the details will be entrusted to a joint commission set up by the two countries, but U.S. officials hope that some issues will never really be addressed. If asked whether Lebanon recognizes Israel, for example, both the Lebanese and the Israelis should be able to say simply, "The agreement speaks for itself."

The Israelis, however, conceded more than they would have liked to. On the crucial matter of how to safeguard the security zone in southern Lebanon, Jerusalem wanted Israeli-Lebanese patrols with full military authority and the right to operate from bases within Lebanon. The Lebanese held out for "joint supervisory teams," and, after much argument, the Israelis yielded. The compromise reportedly calls for eight teams of ten men each. Operating under Lebanese command, they will have no military powers; the groups will be responsible only for reporting violations. The Israelis will not be allowed to set up observation posts in Lebanon or to pursue anyone across the border.

Israel wanted its loyal ally Major Haddad placed in command of a 3,000-man brigade, made up of his own force plus regular Lebanese soldiers, to patrol the area. Beirut, however, consistently refused to discuss the major's role, on the ground that it was an internal matter. Under the fragile deal worked out by Shultz, Haddad would be deputy commander of the brigade, in charge of intelligence gathering and counterterrorism. The arrangement is not part of the accord, but has been privately accepted by Begin and Gemayel. Many Israeli officials, however, remain unhappy with Haddad's fate. Declared Minister Moda'i: "Israel can give up its interests, but not its friends."

The Lebanese also compromised by agreeing to create a special brigade in the south in which Haddad's men would continue to serve. Gemayel's government concurred with the Israelis that United Nations peace-keeping forces should remain just outside the area, although they will occasionally be allowed to inspect the Palestinian refugee camps near the border. The two countries will open liaison offices in each other's capitals, a prospect that does not gladden Lebanese officials. Although the Israeli office in Beirut would not have diplomatic status, Gemayel's aides fear that other Arab countries will see the step as a prelude to normalizing relations.

Shultz shuttled between Jerusalem and Beirut six times in seven days. He even had a mild brush with the terrorism that haunts the region. One night, as he slept at U.S. Ambassador Robert Dillon's house in suburban Beirut, two Katyusha rockets whizzed overhead and exploded about 100 yards away. The rockets, like several artillery or mortar rounds that subsequently fell within 500 yards of a U.S. Navy ship offshore, were thought to have been fired from the mountains by Syrian-backed Druze forces.

Shultz conducted the talks on two levels, nitpicking with the Israeli and Lebanese negotiating teams, but also spending long hours with Begin and Gemayel, often over a meal. He displayed a talent for shaping issues in ways that were accepted by both sides. Observed an aide: "He has a terrific ability, like a chemist, to break down problems, then provide the catalyst and recompose the elements in a different way." He repeatedly indicated that an agreement was imminent, sometimes to the chagrin of his hosts. When asked why his assessments of the talks were always gloomier than the Secretary's, Lebanese Foreign Minister Elie Salem replied: "Mr. Shultz is an American and by nature an optimist. I am from Lebanon and by nature a realist."

Habib and Shultz confer with Lebanon's Gemayel, right, at the Presidential Palace in Beirut

P.L.O. guerrillas, guns at the ready, taking up positions in Lebanon's Bekaa Valley

Can Shultz persuade 40,000 Syrians and the P.L.O. to leave as well?

Shultz may yet turn into a realist; persuading Syria to go along with the accord will be a formidable task. When Lebanese Foreign Minister Salem flew to Damascus to brief Assad on the progress of the talks, Syrian officials raised so many objections that Salem became convinced that no agreement could possibly satisfy Syria.

Syria's self-confidence has been boosted by a massive supply of Soviet weaponry. Moscow has not only made up for the arms destroyed in last summer's fighting, but has provided more advanced equipment, including a sophisticated air defense system capable of shooting down aircraft over Israeli territory. According to U.S. intelligence, the system is so complex that it must be manned and protected by Soviet soldiers. As a result, the total number of Soviet advisers has risen from 2,500 a year ago to more than 4,000.

Although Moscow is clearly using its Syrian connection to make a bid for greater influence in the Middle East, its short-term strategy remains murky. The Soviets may urge Syria to keep its forces in Lebanon, thus depriving the Reagan Administration of a diplomatic victory and keeping tensions in the area high. Moscow may also be betting that its buildup will deter the Israelis from attacking Syrian troops in the Bekaa Valley.

Even if Assad wants to pull out his forces, he is certain to demand a price. One possibility: a security pact with Lebanon seeking assurances that the Israelis will not be allowed to use Lebanese territory and that Beirut will take measures to prevent the smuggling of arms and men into Syria by such opponents of the Assad regime as the Muslim Brotherhood. Shultz has vowed not to become involved in a second round of shuttle diplomacy, but he may find himself on the road to Damascus more than once to secure Assad's cooperation. Only if he prevails there will last week's success rank as an enduring accomplishment. *—By James Kelly. Reported by Roberto Suro/Beirut and Gregory H. Wierzynski with Shultz*

The Renegade Militia Major

The negotiations on the withdrawal of foreign troops from Lebanon hinged to a large degree on a former Lebanese army major who was dishonorably discharged four years ago for desertion. The commander of a largely Christian militia in southern Lebanon, variously estimated at 1,000 to 2,000 men, Major Saad Haddad, 45, has controlled a ten-mile-wide strip along the Israeli border since 1978. He has provided a foothold in Lebanon for Israel, which has not only trained and equipped his forces but also paid him $12,000 a year to keep the territory free of Palestinian guerrillas seeking to attack Israel.

Haddad calls the territory "Free Lebanon." To most people, however, the area is known as "Haddadland." With Israeli backing, Haddad established the border enclave to thwart deployment of United Nations peace-keeping forces and regular Lebanese army units. Last February, he announced that he was extending his control over the entire 28-mile-wide zone that Israel has said is essential to its security. This part of Lebanon has 600,000 residents, who are predominantly Shi'ite Muslims. But it also includes a substantial number of Christians, Sunni and Druze Muslims, as well as some 200,000 Palestinians.

Haddad has run his territory like a personal fiefdom. His radio station, the Voice of Hope, financed largely by right-wing American Christians, broadcasts to a wide area in English, Arabic and even Russian. Usually wearing green fatigues and carrying a 9-mm Beretta pistol slung from his belt, Haddad operates from his heavily guarded home in the village of Marjayoun. In an interview with TIME Correspondents Marsh Clark and David Halevy last week, Haddad insisted that he was the only person who could guarantee peace in the region. Referring to himself, as he often does, in the third person, he said: "If Major Haddad and his troops leave here, there would be butchery the next day. If I stay here, I can control the area." Haddad denied that he was a front for Israel. Said he: "My area is the only one in the country where there is no fighting. I'm not talking for Israel. I'm talking for hundreds of thousands of Lebanese."

Yet Haddad's control is far from complete. There are a number of other armed groups as well, including the paramilitary Shi'ite organization Amal, which is Haddad's main rival. Hundreds of other Christian militiamen, some attached to the Phalangist-dominated Lebanese Forces, have also moved into the south. The chief victims of the resulting violence have been Palestinian refugees, who were left defenseless by the departure of the Palestine Liberation Organization last August. Last week alone, masked gunmen killed six Palestinians near Sidon. Some 1,000 others have been forced at gunpoint to abandon their homes. Says a senior officer of the Lebanese Forces: "The Israelis' great mistake was not to disarm everybody in the south."

Haddad's continued rule is unacceptable to President Amin Gemayel's government because it is considered an affront to Lebanese sovereignty. Beirut's own efforts to impose authority over the south have been hampered not only by the inadequacy of the regular Lebanese army but by years of governmental neglect. Says a Western diplomat who knows the area: "Water, electricity, schools, roads or hospitals—the south has always got much less than its share." The Israelis have played on the feeling of resentment to develop sympathizers in the area. Part of the pitch used by an Israeli political officer in the region around Tyre goes like this: "Beirut is 60 miles away and has never cared for you. We are just across the border and we need your friendship." It is a sentiment that Haddad has been all too willing and able to reciprocate.

Major Haddad outside his home in the southern Lebanese town of Marjayoun

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IRAN

Hatred Without Discrimination

Khomeini finds a convenient new scapegoat: the Communists

It was a peculiarly bloodless demolition of a largely toothless group. On TV broadcasts videotaped in jail, glum leaders of Iran's Tudeh Communist Party confessed, one by one, to being Soviet spies. Haggard and morose, First Secretary Nureddin Kianuri conceded that since its inception in 1941, the party had been "an instrument of espionage and treason," and added that he had been spying for Moscow since 1945. After seven colleagues elaborated on the details of their treachery, Ali Amou'i, a ranking Central Committee member, warned Iranian youths not to follow his example and calmly declared the dissolution of the entire Tudeh Party. Then, heaping insult upon injury, the Islamic regime of Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini informed 18 Soviet diplomats that they would have 48 hours to leave Iran. Proclaimed a triumphant Khomeini: "The Islamic *umma* [nation] of Iran should glory in its self-sacrificing and devoted combatants who have ensnared the treacherous Tudeh Party chiefs."

Kianuri confesses his "sins" on television

Khomeini last month greeting relatives of soldiers killed in action

A regime haunted by savagery and ubiquitous suspicion.

Those words seemed more important than the gaudy actions that preceded them. Despite its fanatical loyalty to Moscow, the widely reviled and politically ineffective Tudeh Party (membership: between 2,000 and 3,000) seemed to be nothing more than a symbolic victim. Many analysts noted that Khomeini thrives on crisis, habitually seeking to dramatize his strength and distract his restive populace by pummeling some scapegoat. Past offenders have included the U.S., which Khomeini frequently calls "the great Satan," the Mujahedin-e Khalq guerrillas, who oppose the regime, and the army of neighboring Iraq. Late last year, Khomeini added the Soviet Union to his list. It was a startling switch, especially for U.S. policymakers, who have been anxious about the possibility that the Soviets would make mischief in Iran ever since the fall of Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi. As a State Department analyst noted last week, "Khomeini seems to be living up to his 'neither East nor West' promise."

Moscow-Tehran relations have, in fact, long been characterized by mutual and mistrustful exploitation. The Soviets were far from enthusiastic in their support for Khomeini in the months just before his 1979 overthrow of the Shah. The reason, as a Tudeh member now in jail puts it, was that "Moscow perceived the clergy as incorrigible reactionaries." Those fears were well founded. Right-wing clergymen routinely reviled the Soviets as godless Communists, while Khomeini opposed the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. But Moscow wooed Tehran by offering assistance against the nettlesome Mujahedin guerrillas. In response, the mullahs invited KGB agents to Iran to provide military and economic advice. Last year Moscow proposed a treaty of friendship and mutual assistance with Iran, while offering repeatedly to mediate in Khomeini's 2½-year-old war against Iraq, a longtime Soviet client.

Set on his own course, however, Khomeini indulged the Soviets only as long as they were of use to him. Last autumn, despairing of his two-year campaign to obtain major sophisticated weapons systems from Moscow and to halt Soviet arms shipments to the Iraqis, Khomeini began tightening the screws on the Tudeh Party, at first through restrictions in their publications, later through sporadic arrests. Finally, about six months ago, some 25 Communist leaders were casually arrested.

After last week's outburst, both nations were eyeing each other more warily. Iranian authorities nervously tried to squelch rumors that the Soviet embassy in Tehran would be seized, as its U.S. counterpart had been in November 1979. The Soviet party newspaper *Pravda* vigorously asserted that the Soviet people "resolutely reject" the charges against the Tudeh. The article went on to argue, speciously, that the Tudeh was unlikely to know any important secrets and, disingenuously, that the U.S. had instigated the sudden crackdown.

Nonetheless, one-third of Iran's imports still travel through Soviet territory and, with its biggest port, Khorramshahr, closed, Iran is dependent on Soviet rail transport. The Soviets could retaliate by stemming those imports, courting the Mujahedin guerrillas or increasing their already considerable supply of sophisticated arms to Iraq. Soviet KGB agents from nearby Soviet Azerbaijan have reportedly infiltrated Iran to replace the agents who were arrested.

The purge against the Communist Party and Soviet diplomats is further evidence of the paranoia that afflicts the Khomeini regime. Ardeshir Asgari, a defected Islamic Guard now living in Spain, maintains that Iran is haunted by internecine savagery and ubiquitous suspicion. The mullahs, he notes, "encourage officers to spy on one another," while forming special squads to eliminate officials suspected of harboring anti-Khomeini sympathies. Moreover, says Asgari, the Khomeini regime is terrified of the Mujahedin guerrillas. Often, he reports, his colleagues would gun down suspected dissidents in the streets, only to discover too late that they were unarmed and apolitical civilians.

Major Mohammed Hassan Mansouri, a former air force pilot who fled to Canada, claims that "because of their medieval mentality and abysmal ignorance, the mullahs feel intimidated by modern skills." This has made them especially hostile toward the air force. "They can neither understand its sophisticated equipment nor fool its better educated cadres," Mansouri explains. The result: air force officers mysteriously vanish. Mansouri describes one pilot, whose plane was shot down, bleeding to death because the clergy refused to rescue him.

The drawn-out war against Iraq has clearly helped the regime to deflect attention from much of its internal strife. The offensive occupies an army that could otherwise become dangerously restless, while allowing Khomeini through assassinations and contrived battlefield accidents to get rid of certain "undesirables." Says Mansouri: "Khomeini is the time bomb the Shah bequeathed to Iran when he fled." It is a lesson even the Soviets have had to learn the hard way. —*By Pico Iyer. Reported by Raji Samghabadi/New York*

Masters of the amiable gesture: Defense Minister Dmitri Ustinov and General Secretary Andropov hail the May Day parade in Red Square

DIPLOMACY

Concession or Propaganda?

Andropov plays a clever but ambiguous card in the missile game

The very words were calculated to convey an impression of Soviet flexibility and weary impatience with the U.S. "The Soviet Union has stated its readiness not to have in Europe a single missile and a single plane more than possessed today by NATO countries," said Soviet Leader Yuri Andropov. "We are told that in this event the Soviet Union would have more missile nuclear warheads. All right, we are prepared to reach agreement on the equality of nuclear potentials in Europe, both as regards delivery vehicles and warheads, with due account, of course, for the corresponding armaments of Britain and France." With that reasonable-sounding sally last week, Andropov once again put the Reagan Administration on the defensive in the escalating propaganda war over the projected deployment of U.S. Pershing II and cruise missiles in Western Europe beginning late this year. Conceded a senior White House official: "It was a well-played card."

Speaking at a reception in Moscow for East German Leader Erich Honecker, Andropov also warned that if the U.S. missiles are deployed, "a chain reaction is inevitable." Said he: "The U.S.S.R., the German Democratic Republic, the other Warsaw Treaty countries will be compelled to take countermeasures." If the Andropov proposal was consistent with past maneuvering in the missile game, combining offers of flexibility with threats of escalation, it nevertheless appeared to suggest that the Soviet Union was inching toward a more conciliatory stance in the Intermediate-Range Nuclear Forces (INF) talks scheduled to resume in Geneva next week. For the first time since those negotiations began in October 1980, Moscow sounded ready to discuss numbers of warheads rather than missiles.

Stung by passage of a congressional nuclear-freeze resolution, President Reagan took pains to describe the possible softening of the Soviet position as "encouraging." Said he: "We're going to give this serious consideration, as we do any proposal that they make." But Reagan added that a fuller analysis of the ambiguity-ridden Soviet plan would have to await the return to Geneva of U.S. Negotiator Paul Nitze.

There was sound reason for Reagan's guarded response. Andropov's remarks reflected no change in the Soviet demand that British and French nuclear forces be included in the INF arithmetic, a possibility long ruled out by Washington and its NATO partners. Britain and France have always contended that their comparatively small forces are national deterrents that are incapable of defending all of Western Europe or of threatening the Soviet Union with a first strike and, hence, should remain outside any discussions between the U.S. and the Soviets. While praising the Soviet willingness to focus on warheads "as a sign of progress," the State Department said that the U.S. would stand by its commitment to exclude British and French nuclear forces from the Geneva negotiations. U.S. Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger went so far as to suggest that the tactic might be designed to bring the INF talks "to a halt."

The response of West European leaders to Andropov's proposal was by turns hopeful and ambivalent. West German Chancellor Helmut Kohl welcomed the latest Soviet move as offering promise for a U.S.-Soviet missile agreement this year. British Foreign Secretary Francis Pym described Andropov's remarks as "a step in the right direction. It is a very modest move; they are still taking a very hard line." French President François Mitterrand reaffirmed his nation's determination to be excluded from the Geneva talks. Said he: "This Soviet demand is very old. I will remain deaf." The Paris daily *Le Monde* headlined the Andropov announcement with a question: CONCESSION OR PROPAGANDA? The paper's assessment: probably propaganda.

Most Western analysts saw the continuing Soviet attempt to bring Britain and France into the negotiations as an effort to divide the alliance. Said U.S. Assistant Secretary of Defense Richard Perle: "All the Soviet proposals have had one common characteristic—they would leave the U.S. with zero nuclear forces in Europe, and they would leave the Soviet

Union with thousands of nuclear warheads on Soviet missiles." In the NATO view, a failure by the U.S. to counter the 243 triple-warhead SS-20s now aimed at Western Europe would "decouple" the U.S. and its West European allies by indicating that the U.S. would no longer risk its own cities for the defense of Europe.

Andropov's offer was seen as a response to President Reagan's interim proposal, which calls for an unspecified reduction of proposed U.S. missiles in exchange for a cut in the number of existing Soviet SS-20s. But Andropov laid out the Soviet posture so loosely that any real assessment will have to depend on how Soviet negotiators fill in the blanks at Geneva. Some of the ambiguities:

▸ What would happen to excess SS-20s, all mobile, now deployed in the European part of the Soviet Union if reductions were agreed upon? The Soviets have reserved the option of moving the extra missiles to Asia. The U.S., at minimum, would probably insist that they be dismantled and destroyed, so that the missiles could not be moved back to Europe in a crisis.

▸ Is the Soviet Union, by agreeing to count warheads, trying to prevent modernization of the independent British and French nuclear forces? By the early 1990s, Britain plans to replace its 64 Polaris missiles with 32 U.S.-built Trident submarine-launched ballistic missiles with eight to ten independently targetable re-entry warheads each. The French, similarly, are in the process of replacing their 98 single-warhead missiles with weapons that can carry up to six warheads.

▸ Would the Soviet Union respond to the deployment of U.S. missiles by stationing new ballistic nuclear missiles in East Germany? Andropov may have been hinting as much when he singled out East Germany for participation in any East bloc "countermeasures."

In Moscow, meanwhile, rumors of a continuing power struggle resurfaced last week when Andropov's presumed chief rival, Politburo Member Konstantin Chernenko, 71, failed to show up at Lenin's Mausoleum for the May Day festivities. His office explained that Chernenko, who has not been seen in public since March 30, was suffering from pneumonia. Andropov, wearing tinted glasses, seemed tired and frail; two days later, when he presented Honecker with the Order of Lenin, his hands trembled, further fueling rumors that he is not well.

Andropov, however, was eager to encourage speculation that the Soviets are not prepared to let the Geneva talks stagnate. Says U.S. Arms Control Expert William Hyland: "Andropov has given the negotiators some room to move about." The latest Soviet offer, indeed, was an effective ploy in a game in which each superpower wants to be the last to make an offer, not the last to issue a rejection. —*By Russ Hoyle. Reported by Erik Amfitheatrof/Moscow and Strobe Talbott/Washington*

POLAND

Firmness *vs.* Confusion

Jaruzelski cracks down in anticipation of the Pope's visit

It was a perfect day for fishing, so no one paid much attention when some of the faithful who crowded into St. John's Cathedral in Warsaw brought their rods, reels and tackle bags. As soon as the service was over, however, it became obvious that the worshipers were angling to annoy the government. From their satchels they produced large banners with the word SOLIDARITY stenciled in red paint, which they began to string from one fishing rod to another. As the banners appeared, hands shot up in the V-for-victory sign, and a shouting, cheering crowd set out to march through the narrow streets of Warsaw's Old Town.

The martial-law regime of General Wojciech Jaruzelski, eager to maintain order as it prepared for the visit of Pope John Paul II next month, was ready for trouble. Hundreds of helmeted riot policemen, each carrying a 24-inch white rubber baton filled with lead balls, had sealed off the area. They were supported by dozens of militia trucks, water cannons and armored personnel carriers. "Disperse!" boomed a shrill voice over a bullhorn. Shortly thereafter, the police attacked the crowd. Militiamen struck indiscriminately, beating an old woman with their sticks and kicking a plump man in work pants who had been knocked down in the melee. Some demonstrators tried to escape into the church. Others were forced into Market Square, where they were doused with ink-blue water fired by water cannons. The blue water had a double purpose: to damage the clothing of the demonstrators and to single them out for later identification and punishment.

The government's response underscored a harsh reality for supporters of Solidarity: the banned movement has never recovered from the beating it took a year ago, when militiamen first began to crack down on demonstrators. In the meantime, the government has been quietly encouraging thousands of former union activists to leave Poland for the West. Since last July, the U.S. has felt obliged to admit about 1,200 former internees and their families for humanitarian reasons.

Even the preparations for last week's May Day demonstrations showed the degree of Solidarity's weakness and confusion. A clandestine radio station, identifying itself as Radio Solidarity, called on Poles to stay home on May Day. "Smiles of pity from the windows," it said, should serve to chastise the government and its supporters. But nobody knew if the message was really from Solidarity or was a government-inspired fraud.

In all, according to the Polish government, there had been demonstrations in 20 cities. About 1,000 people were detained, although most were released within 48 hours. Only one person died: a printshop worker whose body was found outside a restaurant in downtown Nowa Huta, a mile from the site of the nearest demonstrations. A second round of protests, two days later, was broken up by police and militiamen with equal ease. In a particularly brutal incident, "hooligans" believed to have been recruited by the secret police invaded St. Martin's Church in Warsaw and beat up a number of volunteer workers who were serving on a committee to help the city's unemployed.

The Jaruzelski government, mindful of the Pope's impending visit, was making few concessions. Officials confirmed last week that the Pope had asked them to grant amnesty to all political prisoners before his arrival on June 16. The government refused, on the ground that this would not be "beneficial to public order." At week's end police seized former Solidarity Leader Lech Walesa and several aides in Warsaw. The "charge": meeting secretly with other members of the banned labor union and attempting to draft a letter to the Polish parliament. Police promptly drove Walesa to his home in Gdansk, 220 miles away, where they increased the security around his apartment and prevented him from making phone calls. ■

Solidarity supporters cheer and make victory signs during May Day demonstrations in Gdansk

CHILE

Reaching a Dangerous Point

As Pinochet fumbles, a faltering economy provokes violence

It was a daring show of defiance, but as 600 workers and students paraded through downtown Santiago in an illegal protest last week, the 200 uniformed policemen lounging on the sidelines made no move to stop them. Suddenly, from within the crowd of protesters, agitators lashed out, clubbing and punching the marchers. Angry demonstrators retaliated, hurling rocks at the police. Within an hour, the rioting spread throughout the center of the city. It took two hours for the police, equipped with tear gas and truncheons, to regain control. The toll: 72 injured and 76 arrested.

Until recently such an open challenge to the stern regime of General Augusto Pinochet Ugarte would have been unthinkable. A notoriously repressive dictator, Pinochet has regularly silenced his opposition with torture, killings and exile. In the 9½ years since he took power in the bloody coup that overthrew Marxist President Salvador Allende Gossens, Pinochet has also maintained control by bringing remarkable prosperity to the Andean nation. But Chile's economic miracle may have run its course. After a booming 7.3% average yearly expansion of the economy from 1977 to 1981, Chile suffered a catastrophic 13% negative growth rate in 1982. As a result, Pinochet's regime is threatened by unrest over unemployment and an inflation rate exceeding 30%.

This week Chile's largest union, the 27,000-member National Conference of Copper Workers, will mark its discontent with an illegal 24-hour national strike. With unprecedented boldness, the union denounced the government's "weapons of fear and repression." Said President Rodolfo Seguel: "We are heading toward a dangerous point where the Chilean worker will not see any worse alternative to his present situation." Even the general's supporters fear that he has no answer. Says a former minister: "The country is in greater danger than when the Marxists were in power."

The current troubles represent a severe setback for Pinochet's attempt to make his country a laboratory for the monetarist economic theories espoused by University of Chicago Nobel Laureate Milton Friedman. Guided by advisers known as the "Chicago boys," Pinochet revamped economic policy, which under Allende had led to 600% inflation and riots over food shortages. He sold 400 ailing state-owned companies, ended price controls and most state subsidies, and encouraged foreign trade by slashing import tariffs from almost 100% to an average of 10%. The resulting economic boom encouraged most Chileans to overlook Pinochet's repressive campaigns against leftists, in which as many as 10,000 were killed and up to 150,000 were jailed. In 1980 Chilean voters approved by 67% a new constitution that allowed Pinochet to stay in power until 1989, and quite possibly longer.

But Chile's economic planners began to make costly mistakes. In 1979, in an attempt to curb inflation, they pegged the peso at an artificially high rate against the dollar. That caused interest rates and imports to rise, while exports fell. Meanwhile, as recession took hold worldwide, the price of copper fell from a peak February 1980 price of $1.33 per lb. to 71¢ last year. Chile compounded its economic difficulties by borrowing heavily abroad at high interest rates. On a per capita basis, its current foreign debt of $18 billion is now greater than that of Mexico.

The effects have struck with bewildering speed. In the past year, the country's banks have become virtually insolvent. Official unemployment figures have doubled to 21%. In Santiago, until recently an orderly and well-heeled city, evidence of poverty abounds. Police with dogs conduct periodic sweeps to scatter women hawking everything from garden tools to kitchen soap on downtown sidewalks. In urban slums, groups of unemployed have banded together to run their own *comedores*, or communal soup kitchens.

PRESIDENCIA DE LA NACION

Police arrest a demonstrator during rioting in Santiago; inset, Pinochet

"The danger is greater than when the Marxists were in power."

Chileans, who have learned in the past decade to keep their views to themselves, are becoming increasingly willing to vent their resentment. In March, five opposition parties, which are technically outlawed and have long remained silent, issued a collective declaration demanding "total democracy" through free elections.

Yet Pinochet seems unable to resolve the crisis. He has changed finance ministers four times in the past year and has reversed his economic policy by restoring extensive government control over the economy. Under the current Finance Minister, Carlos Cáceres, the government has pledged to refinance 30% of the debt of Chilean firms while doubling duties on imports.

Pinochet has responded to the criticism of his policies by cracking down on dissent. The independent Chilean Human Rights Commission documents 1,789 political arrests last year, nearly triple the figure for 1981, while reports of torture have almost doubled. The regime has alienated the Catholic Church hierarchy by expelling three foreign priests for operating a "politically oriented" soup kitchen. Last week Pinochet warned strikers that they "will have to accept the consequences of such acts."

Dismayed by Pinochet's erratic policies and fearful that his continued rule will spark a wave of violence, many businessmen, who until now have been among the general's staunchest allies, privately hope for his departure. Says a prominent lawyer: "No transition to democracy is possible with Pinochet. Prolonging the present regime is radicalizing the society." Yet as long as Pinochet's strength rests with the unswervingly loyal military, most of whose leaders he appointed, the chances for an orderly return to democracy are slim. —*By Kenneth W. Bunta. Reported by Gavin Scott/Santiago*

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St. Clair Square Mall
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Stratford Square Mall
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Ankle-deep in water during a downpour, mothers display photos of their "disappeared" kin

ARGENTINA

Whitewash

A report's agonizing questions

In the seven years they have been in power, Argentina's military leaders have shown a continuing knack for self-delusion. In the "dirty war" against leftist guerrillas in the 1970s, they unleashed a domestic counterterror of their own, confident that the excesses would never have to be explained. Last year they invaded the Falkland Islands, tragically underestimating the British will to resist and the U.S. reluctance to abandon an ally. Now, with the Falklands debacle behind it and elections for a return to civilian rule scheduled for October, the military's latest attempt to justify itself has once again run afoul of reality.

Faced with the nagging question of what really happened to at least 6,000 people who mysteriously disappeared in the government's 1970s crackdown, the junta finally went public with an answer. In a masterwork of avoidance, the military claimed that from 1973 to 1979, 2,050 civilians were killed. But it said nothing of how, when or where the victims died. The report denied the contention of government critics that many of the missing were still in detention. Anyone not known to be in exile or hiding, declared the report, is now "for judicial purpose considered dead." Conceding that "mistakes were made" and that basic human rights may have been violated, the junta said nonetheless that abuses were to be expected "in a war of such peculiar circumstances as this one, where the enemy did not use uniforms."

As it had before, the military clearly miscalculated foreign reaction. Most of Argentina's 28 million people are of European ancestry, many of them from Italy, and among the missing are some 400 people of Italian citizenship or descent, 35 Spaniards and 15 French, including two nuns. Italy's President Sandro Pertini took the lead, denouncing the junta's "chilling cynicism." The Vatican was no less outspoken, rejecting the report as incomprehensible and full of "agonizing questions." At his weekly audience, Pope John Paul II declared that "the insistent problem of the disappeared ones has always been, and now is more than ever, in my soul."

In Argentina, the report was met with skepticism and anger. The nation's Roman Catholic bishops declared that the first step toward reconciliation should be a willingness by the military to admit its role in the disappearances. Emilio Fermín Mignone, head of the Center for Legal and Social Studies, expressed a widespread fear that until the military considers itself subject to "law and morality," voters can never be sure it will not mistreat them again. While Argentine law courts are clogged with 6,000 suits seeking information on the disappeared, the junta has long sought to avoid the issue altogether. The discovery of more than 1,500 unmarked graves last October made that silence especially difficult. Pressure also mounted from civilian politicians, along with the resolute "Mothers of Plaza de Mayo," who for years have demonstrated every Thursday in Buenos Aires' central square, demanding to know the fate of their missing children and other kin.

The crux of the military self-justification was its claim that security officials had a mandate to "annihilate subversive elements." The point is crucial to the many unrepentant officers, who fear a civilian probe and possible prosecution after the scheduled October elections. To stave off this prospect, the report flatly stated, the military would submit to no further questioning. Ominously, the military also warned that having once saved the nation from terror, it would not hesitate to "do so again." ■

BRITAIN

Election Fever

Waiting for Maggie to decide

All the classic symptoms were in evidence. The political Establishment had polished up its manifestoes, printed new campaign posters and raised partisan invective to libelous levels. Labor Party Leader Michael Foot had had his shaggy locks trimmed. Conservative Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher had had her teeth capped. The country was, in short, coming down with ballot-box fever. Nearly everyone expected Thatcher to call a general election for next month, almost a year before her five-year term runs out. Thatcher was mum on the subject, so the nation looked for omens, above all in local elections that took place last Thursday in every part of the country except London and Scotland.

The vote was supposed to be a curtain raiser for the main event, a leading indicator of the Prime Minister's electoral intentions. At stake were 12,668 seats in 369 local councils. Inevitably, perhaps, it was also anticlimactic. Labor did a shade better than expected, given its poor standing in the opinion polls, but the Tories also fared reasonably well. The fledgling Social Democrats did poorly, though it was their first try at nationwide campaigning. "Very patchy," said Ivor Crewe, a political analyst at Essex University.

Armed with that wisdom, Thatcher and her chief lieutenants scheduled an election-strategy session for Sunday at Chequers, the Prime Minister's country retreat. Thatcher was under pressure from Tory backbenchers to schedule a vote as early as next month. A snap election, they argued, would catch the rival major parties in disarray and take advantage of an improving economy. Others argued that a hasty vote would only damage the Prime Minister's credibility, which rests largely on a reputation for doggedly staying the course. Thatcher refused to discuss any date whatsoever. While the nation braced for a June election, one of her aides insisted last week that waiting for an early announcement was like "barking up a gum tree." Yet the Prime Minister was not above some unabashed campaigning of her own, rallying the faithful wherever she goes and giving a stream of recent interviews loaded with electoral grapeshot. Most likely, there was a one-woman debate going on at 10 Downing Street, between the Iron Lady who toughs it out to the end and the professional politician who knows a good thing when she sees one. ■

ATLAN—SYGMA

Thatcher

COVER STORIES

Hitler's Forged Diaries

A "scoop" is unmasked, joining a long line of frauds through the ages

Forgery: The crime of falsely and with fraudulent intent making or altering a writing or other instrument.
—Webster's Third

If it were only sexier, it might have rated recognition as the world's oldest profession. Ever since humankind became literate, civilization has been bedeviled by the forger's determination to deceive by mimicking the writing of others. When a pharaoh first fashioned a seal to protect the identity of his scribblings, a forger lurked with intent to melt, alter and reseal. Around the 5th century B.C. the Athenian poet Onomakritos was expelled from that ancient city for tampering with the oracles of Musaeus. His crime, unlike those of most forgers, had an unintended benefit. Thereafter, whenever a prophecy failed to materialize, the oracle could angrily proclaim that the prediction had been concocted by that forging scoundrel Onomakritos.

Throughout history, scholars have been forced by the forgers' wiles to sift the real from the spurious in the written record. Great literature, from Homer to Shakespeare to Frost, has been lifted by forgers, some unmasked, some forever anonymous. Religions have been undermined, the reputations of races besmirched, nation set against nation, scientist against scientist, banker against depositor, even lover against the beloved, all by forgers' clandestine deceptions. Phony works of art have debased culture. Crass counterfeiting has threatened the stability of currency.

The forgers' skills, sharpened by greed, malice, political zeal or simply the sheer joy of confounding learned scholars or esteemed institutions, have called into being an opposing set of skills: those of the patient, persistent document sleuths, who squint through magnifying glasses and microscopes at each potential telltale squiggle on yellowed pages or pristine documents in countless offices, from police station houses to great universities and national archives.

Last week, in one of the publishing sensations of the century, the document sleuths clearly won a victory over the forgers who seek to reap wealth while recasting history. The editors of the West German photo-weekly *Stern* had on April 22 dramatically announced the astounding discovery of 62 volumes of Adolf Hitler's alleged long-secret diaries. Bound in black imitation-leather covers, the magazine-size books purported to chronicle the Nazi Führer's years from 1932 to 1945. Hailed by *Stern* as "the journalistic scoop of the post–World War II period," the diaries were offered to other publications for serialization at up to $3 million. Rupert Murdoch's News Corp., the parent company of London's *Sunday Times*, agreed to pay $400,000 for British and Commonwealth rights. *Paris Match* and Italy's *Panorama*, both weeklies, signed on at undisclosed prices. *Newsweek*, which declined to buy serialization rights after extensive negotiations, devoted a cover story to the diaries and their contents and trumpeted it in a series of national ads.

The moment of truth: Archives President Booms denouncing *Stern* volumes as "grotesque and superficial"

As an international furor arose over the authenticity of the diaries, *Stern's* editors would say only that their trusted correspondent Gerd Heidemann, 51, had acquired the priceless documents and that he would not disclose who gave them to him or who had hidden them for so many years. They had been recovered, Heidemann claimed, from the crash of an airplane near Dresden on April 21, 1945. It was one of ten aircraft carrying Hitler's staff and priority cargo from the bunker in Berlin where he killed himself nine days later. The diaries, remarkably preserved, had been pulled from the wreckage, reported Heidemann, and concealed in a nearby hayloft.

Historians and Hitler biographers quickly assailed the diaries as unbelievable. Hitler never liked to keep his own notes, they said. He dictated his thoughts to secretaries. The testimony of aides and servants revealed no knowledge that he kept a diary and indicated that his daily schedule left precious little time for private jottings. His right hand trembled from progressively acute palsy and, after a 1944 assassination attempt, his arm was at least temporarily incapacitated by bomb wounds.

Stern stuck stubbornly to its story. The magazine's claims drew heavily on the reputation of Cambridge Historian Hugh Trevor-Roper (*The Last Days of Hitler*), a director of the Times Newspapers Ltd. He examined some of the books in a Swiss bank and wrote: "When I turned the pages of those volumes, my doubts gradually dissolved. I am now satisfied they are authentic." He said he was prepared "to stake my reputation" on their authenticity. *Newsweek* Consultant Gerhard Weinberg of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill went to the same bank vault and reported that "my preliminary feeling was that they looked genuine." But he had reservations and said that much more study would be needed to be certain.

The criticism of *Stern's* claims rose rather than abated. Trevor-Roper developed second thoughts. "I must have misunderstood," he said. "The link between the airplane and the archive is not absolutely established." Finally, he added: "I am now convinced that some documents in that collection were forgeries."

Alarmed editorial employees of the magazine gathered in *Stern's* modern concrete office building in Hamburg. They grilled their top executives about the source of the diaries during a tense two-hour meeeting. "First we publish, then we authenticate!" protested one angry journalist. The magazine's editorial board relented slightly, ordering that some of the volumes be sent to experts at West Germany's Federal Archives in Coblenz.

Stern's Editor in Chief Peter Koch refused to retreat. He flew to New York, carrying the first and last volumes in the series. He displayed them on national TV, defending them as genuine. Koch airily

Since my written notes from earlier years have partially disappeared, these books shall always be kept at the party archive at my disposal.
They remain my property.

Munich in September 1932
—Adolf Hitler

told American reporters: "I expected the uproar and expected that many incompetent people would denounce the diaries as fakes. This is because every other publishing house will envy our story and every historian will envy us."

Stern's presses rolled on with the first installment of the diaries, a segment ostensibly showing that Hitler had approved the celebrated solo flight of his trusted deputy Rudolf Hess to England as war raged in 1941. Next day, *Stern's* great coup was blitzed.

West Germany's Interior Minister Friedrich Zimmermann announced in a terse statement that "the Federal Archive is convinced that documents they were given did not come from Hitler's hand, but were produced in the postwar period."

At a press conference immediately afterward in Coblenz, Luis-Ferdinand Werner, who had supervised chemical analysis on the paper, cover, bindings, labels and glue used in three of the seven volumes submitted by *Stern*, said flatly that the diaries were "obvious fakes." Beside him, Federal Archives President Hans Booms, who characterized the forgeries as "grotesque" and "superficial," contended that much of the contents had been plagiarized from a book, *Hitler's Speeches and Proclamations 1932-45*, written in 1962 by a former Nazi Federal Archivist, Max Domarus. Booms dated the production of the forgeries as about 1964.

As many specialists in forgery detection had predicted, once competent experts had a full and fair chance to examine the documents, evidence of any but the most crafty forgery would be swiftly found. But this fabrication, the German scientists discovered, was astonishingly inept. Chemical analysis of the binding showed that it contained polyester threads, which were not produced until after World War II. The glue used on the book labels also contained postwar chemicals. The same typewriter had been used on all labels on the volumes. It was a 1925 machine, all right, but close inspection of a label ostensibly typed in 1943 showed no wear on the keys since a label typed in 1934.

Moreover, as in so many manuscript forgeries, a knowledgeable reading of the diaries was damning in itself. The forger or forgers had unknowingly perpetuated minor errors that historians had found in the Domarus book. The crowd at a Hitler rally in Breslau was put at half a million, for instance, whereas more reliable non-Domarus reports had estimated 130,000. Both the diaries and Domarus had General Franz Ritter Von Epp congratulating Hitler in 1937 on his 50th anniversary in army service, when the dictator was only 48 years old; the Führer had actually praised Von Epp for *his* 50 years in the Army. Said Booms sarcastically about the Hitler portrayed in the diaries: "You get the impression of very limited understanding from a person who had an interest in making entries only when Domarus did."

Henri Nannen, *Stern's* publisher since its founding in 1948, first reacted with scorn, declaring on German television: "The Federal Archives is not God Almighty." But he soon calmed down and admitted, "We have some reason to be ashamed." He announced that "there won't be a single word about these diaries in the next issue." He promised, however, to "make an attempt to uncover the history of this forgery for our readers," adding, somewhat needlessly, "We have no reason to protect the swindler."

Stern's Koch, left; Heidemann announcing his "scoop"; and diaries issue

Stern's editorial workers, now even more distressed, met once again to discuss the fiasco. They presented a list of demands to their editors, but would not make them public. One employee reported: "Everyone is panicking. No one can believe that this is happening to us." Editor Koch's head was the first to roll. He submitted his resignation, as did another top editor, Felix Schmidt.

Other publications abruptly canceled their plans to print the Hitler diaries. Arthur Brittenden, a spokesman for Times Newspapers, said it had paid only half of its $400,000 to *Stern*. "We'll be asking *Stern* for our money back," he said. "We won't be paying any more." Rupert Murdoch apparently was caught with a twelve-page color excerpt on the diaries already printed for the *Star*. Seemingly unfazed, Murdoch said, "Well, nothing ventured, nothing gained."

On Fleet Street, other editors pounced on *Stern* and the rival *Sunday Times* with a vengeance that in this instance seemed justified. "It was the day the thunder of the *Times* turned into a whimper and the *Sunday Times* was forced to sniff the stench of self-deceit," crowed the *Daily Express*. Its story accused "the executives" of *Stern* and the *Sunday Times* of having committed "the biggest journalistic blunder for years."

Still, *Stern's* penalty, beyond its ruined reputation, was also financial: rumors in Bonn's press circles had the magazine paying $4 million for its "discovery." Other insiders considered that figure too low. The discrediting of the diaries enhanced the reputations of some historians and forgery experts who had quickly concluded that the diaries were fraudulent. New York Autograph Dealer Charles Hamilton had taken one long look at photocopies of a few of the diary excerpts and pronounced them too consistent and too smooth to be credible. "Hitler's handwriting was full of power and force," he said. "It was tormented, impetuous, so that when he wanted to make a point, he would dig his pen into the paper and spread the ink, and when he gets to the end of a sentence, it always falls." Hamilton did not find that falling pattern in the diary.

Also vindicated were Marie Bernard and Hitler Historian Werner Maser, both of whom looked at diary photocopies and dismissed them as not being in Hitler's hand. Hitler Biographer Joachim Fest and Stuttgart University Historian Eberhard Jäckel both spotted the alleged diaries as probably part of a cache of bogus Hitler materials they had been offered four years ago.

Clearly damaged were the indecisive Trevor-Roper and British Historian David Irving, the only expert to switch from skeptical to an affirmative assessment of the diaries. Irving had earlier interrupted a *Stern* press conference about the diaries, calling them "pure fabrications" and shouting for tests on the "ink, ink, ink." But as he read more of the diary notes, he had announced that "I'm becoming more inclined to believe they are authentic." He said the handwriting in the later diaries "sloped down off the rulings," as it should in view of Hitler's illness in those years.

On sound ground but playing an awkward role was Kenneth Rendell, a New-

ton, Mass., autographs analyst who was paid $8,000 by *Newsweek* magazine. Also separately advising *Stern*, he put the two volumes brought to New York by Koch under his microscope, photocopied and enlarged the words, and concluded that the books were forgeries. When he told this to Koch, Rendell says, "he was absolutely devastated." At week's end Rendell said that his sole interest was to pursue his theories about how "this mess," as he called it, had been created. He predicted teasingly and without explanation: "There is potentially a twist to this whole thing that no one can imagine."

Investigators with similar curiosity wondered about the role of *Stern's* secretive reporter Heidemann. Historian Maser told TIME that Heidemann had a reputation as "gullible and morbidly interested in Nazi paraphernalia." Heidemann, Maser said, had once berated him for claiming in a book review that Hitler had been fully aware of the mass executions of Jews, and had even wanted them speeded up. Heidemann was "furious" and accused him of smearing "the Führer's" name, contends Maser.

Heidemann, with his wife Gina at his side, was quizzed by *Stern* executives in one session that ended at 3:15 in the morning. Emerging, she said about the collapse of *Stern's* publishing plans, "It's terrible. But no matter what happens, we will always believe in the diaries." She charged that the West German officials who had declared the books fraudulent were really trying to "suppress the truth." She and her husband have friends among former Nazi officers. When they were married, two former Nazi generals served as official witnesses. "It would have been a joy to tell the reality about the Führer," she said.

The forgery had been detected, but the pursuit of the perpetrators and their motives would certainly continue. The financial profits clearly had to be a powerful incentive for such a reckless project. A desire to create some sympathy for the entire Nazi movement and to humanize Hitler seemed likely aims too. But the sad saga of the truly incredible diaries raised troubling questions about how such an implausible scheme had been taken so seriously, however briefly. The mere appearance of the volumes should have warned even the most gullible observer: all 62 books precisely alike, despite their span of 13 years; all their pages unstained, unworn, although they were claimed to be up to half a century old; their materials cheap, though ostensibly purchased by a ruler who loved richly bound books and could well afford the best.

For all the ignominy and chagrin suffered by *Stern* and the other participating publications, they could take some solace from the fact that they are not the first to be burned. In this century alone, there have been at least three comparable publishing sensations, each highly hyped and then discredited amid an international uproar.

The first, in 1928, led the staid *Atlantic Monthly* to produce a series of articles on "Lincoln the Lover," based on a cache of newly found letters: three ostensibly from Abraham Lincoln to Ann Rutledge, two from her to him and four written by Lincoln about her. The correspondence all too neatly verified the unsubstantiated legend that in their early twenties Lincoln and Rutledge had been sweethearts. Looking back after Rutledge had died in 1835, Lincoln in an 1848 letter to John Calhoun, an Illinois acquaintance, allegedly wrote: "Like a ray of sun-shine and as brief—she flooded my life, and at times like today when I traverse past paths I see this picture before me—fever burning the light from her dear eyes, urging me to fight for the right."

DRAWING BY FRASCINO © 1983 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC

"This entry dated May 23, 1942, translates, 'Dear Diary, after conquering the U.S.A. I look forward to meeting Betty Grable. What a tomato!' "

The *Atlantic* editor who accepted this schmaltz as authentic was Ellery Sedgwick, then 56. One of the most respected men of letters of his day, he was married to a Cabot and had graduated from Groton and Harvard. The conspirator who befuddled his judgment was Wilma Frances Minor, then 42, an attractive former actress and a columnist for the San Diego *Union*. She claimed that the letters had been handed down through the family of her mother Mrs. Cora DeBoyer, a strong-willed woman who had been married at least five times. Sedgwick employed the Rev. William E. Barton, 67, a Boston minister who had written books about Lincoln, to study the letters.

A scholar of sorts, Barton found the letters too pat to be credible. But when he met Minor in Los Angeles, his doubts were undermined by her charm. Lonely after the death of his wife, Barton, while on his train journey home, wrote a warm letter inviting her to visit him in Foxboro, Mass., and to "come and sleep under my pines and see my Lincoln material and swim in my little lake." He added: "Tell your mother I made love to you and hope to do it again."

Experts who had never met the winsome lady read the correspondence and found it compelling. "These new letters," said Poet Carl Sandburg, perhaps Lincoln's most famous biographer, "seem entirely authentic—and preciously and wonderfully coordinate and chime with all else known of Lincoln." Muckraking Journalist Ida M. Tarbell, who had also written a Lincoln biography, wrote to Sedgwick: "You have an amazing set of true Lincoln documents—the most extraordinary that have come to us in many, many years."

After publication of the *Atlantic's* first installment, however, a storm of criticism erupted. "You are putting over one of the crudest forgeries I have known," protested Worthington Chauncey Ford, 72, editor of the Massachusetts Historical Society, in a letter to Sedgwick. Even Barton sadly wrote to Minor, "I have come to the conviction that the letters which you are sending to the *Atlantic* are not genuine. And, my dear, I am afraid you know it."

The conspiracy crumbled under the scrutiny of experts. One noted that Lincoln signed his alleged letters to Rutledge "Abe," when he was known to have abhorred the nickname. Others pointed out that Lincoln, once a land surveyor, had cited "Section 40" in a letter supposedly written at a time when such sections were not numbered higher than 36. Lincoln referred to "Kansas" at a time when the region was commonly called "Indian country."

Private detectives hired by the magazine helped unmask Mrs. DeBoyer as the mastermind of the forgery and her daughter as the willing purveyor of the deceitful goods. Minor signed a statement that was not quite a confession, but near enough to close the case. Her mother had composed the letters, she admitted, but had received the messages from the spirits of Lincoln and Rutledge while in a trance. Claimed Minor: "The spirits of Ann and Abe were speaking through my mother to me, so that my gifts as a writer combined with her gifts as a medium could hand in something worthwhile to the world." Neither mother nor daughter was prosecuted.

By coincidence, the century's second great publishing forgery was concocted by another mother-daughter team. In 1957 Rosa Panvini, then 75, and her daughter Amalia, 43, both of whom lived in Vercelli, in northern Italy, offered diaries they said

A Bull Market in Phony Naziana

Ever since the last days of Hitler in April 1945, when the defeated dictator wrote his will, married his mistress Eva Braun and put a bullet through his brain with a 7.65-mm Walther pistol, phony Hitleriana—including the will, the marriage certificate and the pistol—have flooded the worldwide market for Nazi memorabilia. In 1981, for example, an avid collector asked the noted West German historian Werner Maser to authenticate what he claimed was the suicide pistol. Recalled Maser last week: "I told him there existed a whole suitcase full of Hitler suicide guns, all forged with Hitler's initials and the correct number of Hitler's pistol permit." The "collector" was *Stern* Reporter Gerd Heidemann.

Though Heidemann's Hitler diaries have proved to be the most audacious of all the Third Reich forgeries so far, other major scams have often bemused or confounded the experts. The first large-scale postwar forgery surfaced in 1947: a diary allegedly kept by Eva Braun during her affair with Hitler. According to Maser, one of the authors turned out to be a prominent film actor, Luis Trenker, who had known Braun. Right-wing Author David Irving ruefully recalls that in 1973 he nearly bought diaries purportedly written by Admiral Wilhelm Canaris, Nazi Germany's chief of military intelligence until 1944. On the scent of sensational revelations, Irving and the British publishers William Collins Sons deposited $120,000 in a West German bank for the privilege of examining a twelve-page extract from the typewritten documents, which bore a signature that was allegedly Canaris'. When tested by a London laboratory, the signature proved to have been written with a ballpoint pen, an instrument that came into use in Germany after Canaris was executed on Hitler's orders in 1945.

PHOTOREPORTERS

Hitler and Braun in the late 1930s

A former archivist of the Nazi Party, August Priesack, last year offered Irving 800 photostats of Nazi documents, including parts of a diary supposedly kept by Hitler and a letter from Rudolf Hess to Hitler about his projected 1941 flight to Scotland. Irving brought 400 pages to Britain, but after scrutinizing them pronounced them forgeries. Irving now believes that the *Stern* forgeries and those he studied last year came from the same source, though he had earlier considered the *Stern* material to be authentic.

Maser and other specialists believe that a network of fanatic German Nazis in Latin America have conspired to spread forged documents designed to whitewash their Führer and revive interest in the Nazi period. According to Maser, there is close cooperation between the Nazis in Latin America and forgers in Communist East Germany who are producing Hitler-era material that is intended to create bad feelings among the NATO partners while it brings in much needed dollars and other hard currency.

Charles Hamilton, the U.S.'s largest dealer in Nazi mementos, spots one or two fakes a month among the thousands of Third Reich items he handles every year. Many are signed photos of Hitler, which, if genuine, are worth from $350 to $1,000 to collectors. Such photo forgeries are often simple to detect because Hitler rarely signed a picture unless it had been taken by his personal photographer, Heinrich Hoffmann, who stamped a distinctive seal on his photos.

Even more common are forged Hitler inscriptions in books, usually *Mein Kampf*. Careless forgers occasionally fail to research the relationship between Hitler and the alleged recipients of the books, thus committing detectable errors like using inappropriately flowery language. For the forgers, potential rewards are high. A genuinely inscribed two-volume first edition of *Mein Kampf* sells for $10,000. A handwritten letter from Hitler to a top Nazi leader can fetch as much as $25,000.

Will the exposure of the phony Hitler diaries and other forgeries of Nazi mementos deter buyers? Hamilton thinks not. "Evil seems sexy," he observes. The world's estimated 50,000 collectors of Naziana, he says, find "the monstrosity and evil of Nazism to be strangely exciting."

had been written by Benito Mussolini to the Rome office of LIFE magazine and to the Italian newspaper *Corriere della Sera*. The daughter contended that one of Mussolini's ministers had handed her father a package one day with the admonition, "For the love of God, Panvini, hide them in a safe place." He had done so, she claimed, but she had now decided to sell them to raise some money.

Vittorio Mussolini examined the writing and said it was his father's. An expert from Switzerland's Lausanne University conducted chemical tests, compared the diaries with Mussolini's known handwriting and found the discovery authentic. "Thirty volumes of manuscript cannot be the work of a forger, but of a genius," he said. "You can falsify a few lines or even pages, but not a series of diaries."

They would have made good reading. Written in school exercise books, they contained such sensational Mussolini observations as "Hitler is mad! Our ideas are diametrically opposed." Before anyone bought the diaries, however, Italian police raided the Panvini home, found and seized all except four of them, and charged the two women with forgery and fraud. Rosa admitted that she had spent years perfecting her imitation of Mussolini's handwriting and used her skill to produce the diaries. Both women were given suspended sentences.

Wholly unaware of this background, editors of the London *Sunday Times* bought the remaining four volumes from the Panvinis in 1968. After paying about $71,400 for them, the newspaper learned of the hoax and aborted publication.

Rosa Panvini died in 1968. Last week Daughter Amalia, now 69, who lives alone with a score of cats, contended that she had confessed only to avoid going to prison. Neither she nor her mother had forged the diaries, she now insisted. Who had? she was asked. "Who knows?" she replied.

As a forger, Clifford Irving was something else: audacious and foolhardy enough to concoct the "autobiography" of a living person who could readily refute it, point by point, if he wished to do so. When Irving convinced McGraw-Hill in 1971 that Howard Hughes had asked him to help him write his autobiography, the New York City–born freelance writer was clearly counting on the reclusive Hughes to remain silent. Carrying out his elaborate hoax, Irving forged letters from Hughes to himself that persuaded McGraw-Hill to give Irving a $750,000 contract to produce a 230,000-word manuscript. Irving even fabricated a contract in which Hughes agreed that the money should be split between subject and writer.

LIFE bought rights to run excerpts from the impending book, but demanded verification of Hughes' assent to the project. The esteemed New York City handwriting-analysis firm of Osborn, Osborn & Osborn compared samples of Hughes' authentic writing with the Irving forgeries

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and declared, "The evidence that all of the writing submitted was done by the one individual is, in our opinion, irresistible, unanswerable and overwhelming."

As McGraw-Hill began to pay Irving for his work, the writer insisted that all checks be made out to "H.R. Hughes." That permitted his wife Edith, posing as "Helga R. Hughes," to deposit the checks in a Swiss bank account. Irving and a co-conspirator, Richard Suskind, carefully researched Hughes' life. They gained access to a manuscript by James Phalen, who was collaborating with a former Hughes associate, Noah Dietrich. That work in progress included rich anecdotes about the eccentric multimillionaire. Thus Irving's manuscript had a solid inside-Hughes ring to it.

The Panvinis in 1968: Are 30 volumes of manuscript the work of a forger or of a genius?

Too much so. Phalen later learned about one incident in Irving's text that only Dietrich could have provided, and Dietrich had not talked to Irving. Phalen protested. Meanwhile, Hughes had broken years of silence, using a speaker-telephone to address a group of reporters who knew his voice, and had denounced Irving's work as a hoax. Squads of detectives joined in the hunt. Irving's deception collapsed. He and his wife confessed to conspiracy and grand larceny and served prison terms of about 18 months.

Why were respected experts in the art of forgery detection initially taken in by the fabrications of such prolific deceivers as Irving and the two mother-daughter teams? Irving contends that hired experts tend to render the favorable judgments that publishers seeking their guidance wish to hear. Once a forger masters his subject's handwriting idiosyncrasies and ways of thinking, Irving claims, sheer quantity is no problem. "Once you do one page," he says, "you can do 20. Once you do 20, you can do a book."

Most forgery detectives disagree. They believe they have too many weapons to let any manuscript, long or short, escape detection—once they have a fair chance to compare fully the real and the suspect writing. Many are convinced that their trained eyes, aided perhaps only by the magnification of microscopes or enlarged copies projected onto white screens, can spot even the most skilled forgery.

What do they look for? First, for the flow of the handwriting. Writing in which each letter of the alphabet is too carefully consistent over too many lines or over different periods of time is a telltale sign of forgery. In writing naturally and quickly, people tend to vary the formation of most characters ever so slightly, often subconsciously. Even their writing posture or how they feel about what they are writing can create minute variations. "Your signature on a $50,000 mortgage is a little more careful than on a $10 check," notes FBI Special Agent James Lile, an expert in the documents section of the bureau's crime laboratory.

Lile says revealing information can be found even in the letter of the alphabet that is simplest to reproduce: *e*. "You look at the size of the loop, the length of the elongation. Is it broad or narrow? Is the pressure greatest going up or down?" New York Autograph Dealer Mary Benjamin watches for ampersands, which, she says, she has never seen vary when made by the same hand.

There is a usually unspoken professional admiration between the masters of such analysis and the masters of the fabrications. In his revealing account, *Great Forgers and Famous Fakes*, Autograph Dealer Hamilton quotes a letter from Forger Arthur Sutton, whom Hamilton had helped to expose, causing Sutton to plead guilty to fraud. "I have always had the greatest respect for you," wrote Sutton, who crafted the signatures of famous figures from Sitting Bull to Richard Nixon and Marilyn Monroe. "I am glad I have been caught and can promise I will never forge any autographs ever again." Admitted Hamilton, in a public aside to Sutton: "It is the forgeries and fakes that give piquancy and excitement to the chase. Without them, philography would be a pretty dull pursuit."

The slippage of handwriting standards, particularly in the U.S., has made the modern forgery detective's task easier. Unlike the careful and uniform script once taught in the schools, like the one based on the hallowed Palmer method, handwriting today is sloppy and therefore more individualistic. That makes it more difficult for forgers to emulate and easier for document analysts to spot variations from the genuine article.

If handwriting analysis should fail, the experts turn to tests of paper, ink and pens, such as those carried out by the West German Federal Archives last week. Here, too, experience and a keen eye for detail may prove sufficient to detect deceit. Benjamin notes that in the West parchment was used exclusively until about the year 1150. Next came two types of rag paper. One was laid paper, formed by being stretched across wires that left visible lines spaced about an inch apart. It was in common use until about 1800. The other was wove paper, in which the fibers can be seen by the trained eye. It was used consistently after 1800. Benjamin has seen only two authentic autographs by George Washington written on wove paper. By 1860 wood-pulp paper, easily distinguishable from rag paper, became commonplace. Many a period-piece forger has given himself away by using the wrong paper.

The experts' suspicions can be aroused even by the size of writing paper, since fashions here have also changed through the years. There have been customs too in how letters are folded. Watermarks placed in paper by manufacturers are carefully catalogued and thus can be traced to their origins. The wrong watermark can disclose a forgery.

Benjamin and other analysts check the ink used on antique documents. Sometimes its very color is

The Irvings in 1972: Was the evidence that all the writing was done by one person truly overwhelming?

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all they need to see. Ink made of ground carbon was used until 1020; it does not affect the color of the paper as it ages. But iron-gall ink, widely used until about 1860, is acidic and with time tends to tint and wear through the paper. Aniline ink followed; it disappears when the paper on which it is used is dunked in water. That is not a test many analysts try, since their document, real or fake, might vanish.

Benjamin recalls one collector of rare autographs who verified, wholly by accident, that his priceless document containing the signatures of all 56 signers of the Declaration of Independence was genuine. A hurricane had caused the paper to be submerged in water for five days. When he retrieved it, the owner found to his relief that all the signatures remained clear and bright. They had been written with iron-gall ink on rag paper.

The type of pen wielded by a forger can be a giveaway. The quaint quill was used exclusively until 1780, when its successor, the steel pen, came into existence. The difference in writing between the two can be seen under a microscope. Fiber-tipped pens were not used extensively in the U.S. until 1964. Any forger using a pen not common in the period his document purports to derive from risks quick discovery. The modern proliferation of pens, particularly ballpoints, complicates the task of current document analysts, but can provide fresh clues. A ballpoint requires the writer to exert more pressure; the force with which individuals habitually attack their writing is often distinctive.

Researchers at West Germany's Mannheim University have applied modern technology to detect minute variations in pressure applied to paper by writers. They are developing an electric grid microscope to measure precisely the indentations made by a pen. A more sophisticated device called a Verisign was developed by the same team. A pen attached to a computer retraces a writing sample; the computer analyzes 16 separate writing tendencies, such as the pace, spacing and crossbars in key letters. In one recent test, 5,000 forged signatures were fed to the machine, which compared them with authentic ones. In only a single instance did a fake go undetected.

The prevalence of typewriters has complicated the forgery detective's task. "When I first started out in this business, I had most of the information about typewriters in my head," recalls James Conway, a retired U.S. Postal Service examiner in private practice in Alameda, Calif. "There were only five or six major typewriter manufacturers." Now there are more than a dozen. The widespread use of photocopiers gives the forger easy access to the handwriting of individuals or to documents he wishes to imitate.

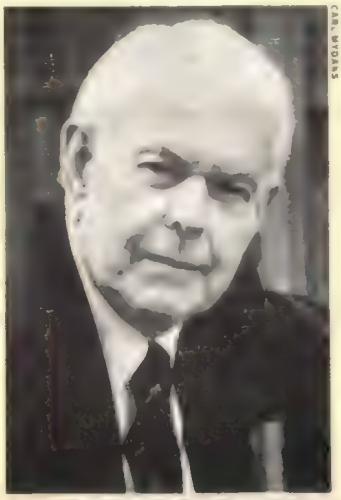
Another new headache for the experts: government officials, executives and various celebrities who permit their names to be signed to routine papers by secretaries. In older times, secretaries usually attached their initials to such signatures. They rarely do that now, and often can imitate their employers' writing so well that even the bosses cannot tell except by remembering whether they signed a document. John Kennedy was the first President to let a secretary sign his routine papers. He also introduced the Autopen, a writing robot that can reproduce a signature several thousand times a day. Autograph Analyst Benjamin had to disillusion an ex-serviceman whose letter from J.F.K. to his parents would have been worth $1,000 if signed by the President. She found that a secretary had provided the signature, rendering the paper worthless.

Who is gaining in the ceaseless war between forger and detective? Most document analysts contend that modern techniques, plus the accumulated expertise of so many specialists, make the forgery of an extensive literary work or a historical document like the *Stern* diaries much more difficult to carry out successfully. They doubt that any such hoax has gone undiscovered—although if it has, of course, they would not be aware of it.

It is in the more mundane, but often lucrative, field of forged checks, false signatures on credit cards and the fabrication of bogus passports, driver's licenses and other identification documents that the contemporary forger may be outrunning his pursuers. Los Angeles Graphologist Andrea McNichol blames the carelessness of banks and other institutions for making the forger's life easier. "Banks take no steps to protect themselves," she contends. "You could sign your name 'Jesus Christ,' and they would pass it." Sergeant Russell Meltzer of the Los Angeles police forgery division agrees. Says he: "Sometimes the victims should be prosecuted for stupidity, instead of the crooks for the crime."

One thing seems certain. In an age in which record-keeping and the resulting blizzard of paper keeps growing, the forger's furtive art is bound to flourish. "You can't be born or die or do much in between without a lot of paper," says Conway. Indeed, each bureaucrat seems unable to resist converting his musings to writing, each official transaction produces a document, each personal milestone is recorded—and all are grist for the forger.

Those who plot forgery on an epic scale, however, may well be inhibited by last week's dramatic demonstration of how the canny sleuths who peer at the loops produced by a pen and assess the chemicals found in a binding can so readily expose a Hitler diary hoax. At least equally forewarned should be any editor foolish enough to emulate those at *Stern*, who so recklessly placed journalistic expediency above society's overriding need for accurate history. There is never a need, nor a justification, for "publishing first and authenticating later." —*By Ed Magnuson. Reported by Gary Lee/Bonn and Melissa Ludtke/New York*



Expert Hamilton: finding the script too steady and smooth to be credible

Historian Maser: jumping to a quick and accurate verdict

Expert Rendell: predicting an imminent new "twist" in the story

Fakes That Have Skewed History

By rewriting the record, some forgeries have set complex forces dancing

"The tenth muse," Critic Andrew Lang called the spirit of forgery. She may be busier and more inventive than any of her nine sisters. Under her sway, the 19th century Frenchman Denis Vrain-Lucas fabricated more than 27,000 documents purportedly from the hands of Archimedes, Sappho, Judas Iscariot, Caesar, Charlemagne and others, overplaying his own hand only when he forged a letter in which Pascal took credit for discovering the law of gravity, rather than Newton. Joseph Cosey, the most prolific of American forgers, displayed meticulous attention to detail while adding to the extant records of U.S. history from Aaron Burr through Abraham Lincoln. Britain's William Henry Ireland successfully duplicated Shakespeare, passing off manuscripts of *Hamlet* and *King Lear*, until his own addition to the canon, *Vortigern and Rowena*, proved his undoing.

Such hoaxes were outrageous enough to make their perpetrators seem almost dignified in their raffishness. But forgeries have regularly caused more than empty pockets and red faces. One cut short a poetic career full of brilliant promise. In the 1760s, Thomas Chatterton, a teen-ager from Bristol, England, invented a 15th century monk called Thomas Rowley and wrote medieval-looking manuscripts of inspired poetry under the name. He had hoped to demonstrate his skills under a false identity and then reveal himself as the author when the public's attention was won. Before that could happen, the ruse was detected and the merits of the poems buried in the ensuing uproar. Chatterton committed suicide at age 17.

Fakes have set complex historical forces dancing. Anti-Semitic officers high in the French military fabricated evidence that Captain Alfred Dreyfus, an Alsatian Jew, passed sensitive information to the Germans and Italians. Convicted of treason in 1894 and sentenced to Devil's Island for life, Dreyfus had to endure a ceremony in which his sword was broken and the insignia stripped from his uniform. One shocked witness was Theodor Herzl, a Jewish journalist covering the trial for a Vienna newspaper. Herzl embarked on a train of thought that would result in the writing of *Der Judenstaat* (The Jewish State), a book that led to the founding of the modern Zionist movement and, ultimately, the state of Israel.

A forgery hastened war and the unification of Germany. In 1870, King William I of Prussia met with the French ambassador at Ems and sent a report of what took place to Premier Otto von Bismarck. Bismarck edited this account to make the King appear insulting toward the diplomat and then released his version to the press. As he had hoped, the outraged French attacked Germany, enabling Bismarck to embark on the Franco-Prussian War, which he decisively won. Governmental forgery goes on, in many guises and places. The practices of the Soviet Union's KGB have made the term disinformation familiar to millions. During the late 1960s, the FBI's attempts to sow dissent among radical and antiwar groups in the U.S. involved some flat-out fakery.

Among countless deceptions over the ages, a few have gained transcendence, not only affecting history but achieving a vigor of their own. Three of the sturdiest and most influential:

They first seeped up in a St. Petersburg newspaper in 1903 and were included two years later in a Russian book about the coming of the Antichrist. *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion* made chilling reading, a description of a conspiracy at the highest levels of Judaism to dominate the world by stealth. Where and when they met is not made clear. But according to the document, the elders carefully laid out a perverse plan: "Corrupt the young generation by subversive education, dominate people through their vices, destroy family life, undermine respect for religion, encourage luxury, amuse people to prevent them from thinking. Poison the spirit by destructive theories, weaken human bodies by inoculation with microbes, foment international hatreds and prepare for universal bankruptcy and concentration of gold in the hands of the Jews." Once launched, the *Protocols* were to prove as virulent as they were false.

The person or persons who assembled them may never be identified, but they were almost certainly connected in some way to the secret police of Tsar Nicholas II. The apparent motive was to discredit radical and progressive groups within Russia by making them appear dupes of alien Jewish machinations. In 1921, a reporter for the London *Times* found the sources from which the *Protocols* had been lifted. The notion of Jewish leaders plotting secretly came from a novel called *Biarritz* (1868) by Hermann Goedsche, a German who used the pen name Sir John Retcliffe. Most of the language and ideas in the *Protocols*, however, were taken directly from a

A poisonous potential for tragedy: some of the many editions in various languages of *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion*

French satire published in 1864, *Dialogue aux enfers entre Montesquieu et Machiavel* (Dialogue in Hell Between Montesquieu and Machiavelli). The conversation reveals Machiavelli (a thinly disguised stand-in for Napoleon III) as a cynical mastermind of corrupt power and how to attain it. The Russian forgers simply adapted his sentiments to fit the imaginary elders.

To his credit, Nicholas refused to authorize propaganda use of the *Protocols* once he learned they were phony. But they circulated surreptitiously in Russia and translations proliferated. In the early 1920s, Henry Ford's weekly paper, the Dearborn *Independent*, incorporated the *Protocols* in a series of anti-Semitic articles. These, including the *Protocols*, were published as a book (*The International Jew: The World's Foremost Problem*) that eventually sold half a million copies. The Rev. Charles Coughlin, the radio priest, harangued his listeners about the Jewish plot in the '30s.

By the time Hitler became Chancellor in 1933, one of several German translations of the *Protocols* had run through 33 editions. An industrialist who later broke with the Nazis quoted Hitler's response to the subject: "The stealthiness of the enemy, and his ubiquity! I saw at once that we must copy it—in our own way, of course."

The hoax has been exposed and re-exposed. In 1964, the U.S. Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security called the *Protocols* "crude and vicious nonsense." But they will not go away, especially in the Middle East. Before his assassination in 1975, King Faisal of Saudi Arabia routinely had free copies distributed to visiting Western tourists. In Europe and South America, wherever there are fringe resurgences of Nazism or fascism, the *Protocols* seem sure to follow. Given the tragedies they have abetted and their poisonous potential for more, the *Protocols* may be the most successful and insidious forgery in history.

■ ■ ■

It was the 8th century, and the politics of the Byzantine Empire were growing byzantine indeed. Imperial legislation coming out of Constantinople threatened to reduce the importance of Rome and of the papacy. Church faced the likelihood of being swallowed up by state. Miraculously, Pope Stephen II in 754 produced a document that would help protect him, his successors and Roman Catholicism for 700 years.

The *Constitutum Constantini* (Donation of Constantine) ostensibly came from the hand of the revered Emperor who had converted to Christianity in 312. Constantine decided to leave Rome in 324 because, one legend has it, he thought it improper to exercise his earthly rule in the same city as the successor to St. Peter. He moved to Byzantium, which became Constantinople, and the empire's new center of power. But before he left, according to the evidence of the *Donation*, Constantine offered to relinquish his crown and imperial authority to Pope Sylvester I; the Emperor also gave the papacy rulership over Rome and "all provinces, localities and towns in Italy and the Western hemisphere." The implications of this document were vast. Although Sylvester had declined Constantine's invitation to become Emperor, the *Donation* posited a debt that any Pope could call in whenever he wanted; legally, it was Rome that allowed Constantinople to thrive, not vice versa.

Roman Emperor Constantine I

It was not until the 15th century that two scholars, Nicholas of Cusa and Lorenzo Valla, independently demonstrated that the *Constitutum Constantini* was a forgery, probably executed by someone in the papal chancery during the reign of Stephen II. Essential to the unmasking was the discovery of linguistic turns in the document that did not jibe with the Latin of the 4th century. The chief source of the *Donation* proved to be a colorful 5th century account of the conversion of Constantine known as the *Legenda s. Silvestri*. Whatever the ethics of the matter, the adaptor(s) bought precious centuries for the church to protect, extend and consolidate its influence. In 1517—the year of Martin Luther's 95 Theses—Valla's damning research, which had circulated for decades in manuscript, appeared in Germany in the comparatively new medium of print. By then the *Donation* was no longer crucial to the survival of the church. But its spirit lingered on in papal dreams of temporal dominion. These ended finally in 1870, when the Papal States were incorporated into the new Kingdom of Italy.

■ ■ ■

In London in 1760, a burly young Scotsman named James Macpherson ushered into print some curiosities with a self-explanatory title: *Fragments of Ancient Poetry, Collected in the Highlands of Scotland, and Translated from the Gaelic or Erse Language*. Some admirers of this book, including Macpherson's countryman James Boswell, put up money to send the translator off in search of more old songs. He obliged them the following year with *Fingal*, an epic in six books attributed to Ossian, a Gaelic bard who lived in the 3rd century. Further Macpherson translations of Ossian appeared in 1763 to a swelling chorus of praise and controversy.

The Scots were delighted to find that they owned a literary heritage far older and grander than that of the English. The Irish fumed to see their Gaelic thunder stolen by the Caledonians. Beyond chauvinist concerns, the Ossian sagas fed a tide of antirationalism that was rising across England and Europe. These relics from the misty midregions of history elevated feeling over thought and instinct over education: they proved that lofty talk could come from primitive, humble folk. Poet Thomas Gray, who had already elegized a "mute inglorious Milton" buried in a country churchyard, wrote: "Imagination dwelt many hundred years ago in all her pomp on the cold and barren mountains of Scotland. She reigns in all nascent societies of Men, where the necessities of life force everyone to think and act for himself."

So ripe were the times for the Ossianic poems that if they had not existed, someone would have had to invent them. And Macpherson chiefly had. Samuel Johnson, the leading literary figure of the age, decided the moment he read them that the translations were fakes; they clearly were the work of a contemporary mind mooning over remnants of authentic legends, in the mimed cadences of the King James Bible: "Pleasant is thy song in Ossian's ear, daughter of streamy Lutha! Thou hast heard the music of departed bards in the dreams of thy rest, when sleep fell on thine eyes, at the murmur of Moruth."

CULVER PICTURES

Translator Macpherson

When asked by a defender of Macpherson "whether he thought any man of a modern age could have written such poems," Johnson replied, "Yes, sir, many men, many women and many children." Macpherson claimed to have the original manuscripts but turned away all requests to display them. When Johnson denounced this "stubborn audacity" as "the last refuge of guilt," Macpherson sent him a threatening letter. The doctor, then 65, armed himself with a long oak staff and kept it beside his bed at night.

An attack never came. Macpherson went on maintaining the provenance of his work. He eventually produced as evidence some Gaelic passages that later proved to be inept translations of his own English. But the question was growing ever more academic. Macpherson's inventions had inspired a passion in readers that was not to abate for nearly a century. On the Continent, Goethe praised the works. Napoleon decorated the ceiling of his study with paintings of scenes from Ossian and carried a translation of the poems on his military campaigns. When Macpherson died in 1796, at 59, he was buried in Westminster Abbey, not far from Dr. Johnson. —*By Paul Gray*

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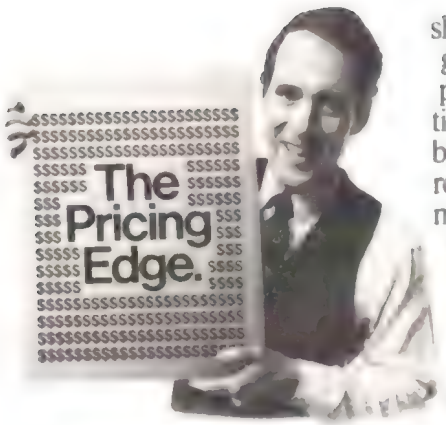

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Economy & Business

A Hot Fight over Cold Drinks

The guzzler's cup runneth over in a profusion and confusion of new brands

Soft-drink lovers, who poured $25 billion into bubbly beverages last year, are used to being ardently wooed. Madison Avenue has long pursued them with slogans like "Coke is it!" or "Pepsi now!" set to foot-stomping tunes. Now soft-drink makers are wooing the guzzlers with a flood of new brands. Nine colas have been introduced by major producers in the past 15 months, which is more than in all the years since John Styth Pemberton whipped up the first batch of Coca-Cola in 1886. Says Richard Armstrong, president of Dr Pepper, which has brought out two new brands since last fall: "It would be unusual for even the computer industry to compress so much activity into so short a time."

Many of the newcomers are decaffeinated versions of a company's standard brands. Coca-Cola (1982 sales: $6.2 billion), the largest soft-drink producer, joined the trend last week by rolling out caffeine-free varieties of Coke, diet Coke and TAB in Denver *(see above)* and Salt Lake City. The Atlanta-based firm, which had only two colas (Coke and TAB) before last July, will now have a total of six entries in the cola field. Archrival PepsiCo (1982 sales $7.5 billion), a food, beverage and sporting-goods conglomerate, offers five different types of cola (Pepsi, Diet Pepsi, Pepsi Free, Pepsi Light and Sugar Free Pepsi Free).

Companies have taken to uncapping new brands because the popularity of old ones has been going flat. The American public drank only about 3% more soft drinks last year than in 1981. During the 1960s and 1970s, annual increases in consumption ran as high as 15%.

Nevertheless, there have been some stunning recent soda successes. Coca-Cola's new diet Coke, which was introduced last July, is already a brisk seller. For years, the company had feared that putting its famed name on any other product would diminish the sales and standing of the flagship brand. But to the company's surprise, nearly two-thirds of diet Coke sales are coming from new soda drinkers or from other companies' brands.

The explosion of unfamiliar labels, though, can cause problems. Some experts fear that the new arrivals will create confusion and swamp an already crowded market. Americans can now choose from an astonishing 235 brands, compared with 152 only seven years ago. "I worry about the consumer being overwhelmed by the selection," says Joseph Doyle, an analyst with the Wall Street firm of Smith Barney, Harris Upham & Co. Notes John Bergin, president of the McCann-Erickson/USA advertising agency, with tongue firmly planted in cheek: "We certainly are quenching the thirst needs of Americans."

The new drinks are already fighting for space in groceries and supermarkets, where some 52% of all sodas are sold. That battle fa-

New York Giants football players hoist their favorite brand

Men are the latest battleground in the diet-cola wars.

vors giants like Coke and Pepsi, which have vast sums to spend on the discounts, giveaways and promotions that can help persuade retailers to make room on shelves. Says Brian Dyson, president of Coca-Cola USA: "Some brands are going to suffer reduced space. Others will be dropped completely."

Dallas-based Dr Pepper (1982 sales: $516 million) is among the firms that could be squeezed. Dr Pepper has a near cult following in places like Waco, Texas, where it was invented in 1885. Waco's 100,000 residents each knock back an average of more than 300 bottles a year. But the company has enjoyed little success making Dr Pepper a national brand. The firm lost $4 million in the fourth quarter and finished 1982 with a $12.4 million profit, down nearly 60% from 1981. It hopes that two new decaffeinated Pepper Free brands will help push 1983 profits above last year's.

Royal Crown (1982 sales: $469.8 million) shares the frustrations of other small soft-drink firms. The Atlanta-based company introduced the first diet and decaffeinated brands, but it has lacked the muscle to win a substantial market share for itself. Still, Royal Crown's $16 million 1982 profit was 3% above the 1981 result. The firm attributed the gain to the growth of caffeine-free RC100, which it brought out in 1980. Says Cola Division President Fred Adamany: "We're attracting new customers and brand switchers to this market. If there's a problem, it will be in not having enough decaffeinated cola to meet demand."

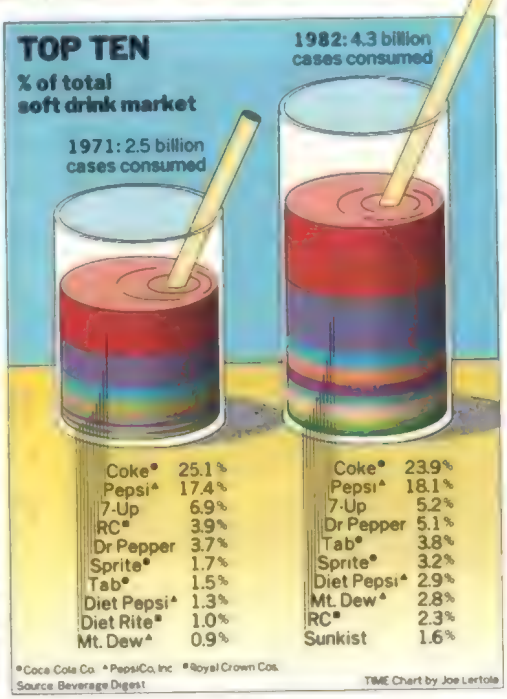
Although Royal Crown discovered the marketing potential of decaffeinated soft drinks, Philip Morris (1982 sales: $11.7 billion) turned caffeine-free soda into a national craze. After acquiring Seven-Up Co. in 1978, the tobacco and beer firm initially had little luck. Ad campaigns proclaiming that "America is turning 7Up!" could not keep the lemon-lime drink from falling behind Dr Pepper in market share. But last year Philip Morris seized on rising public fears about caffeine and proclaimed that 7Up "Never had it. Never will." The company also launched Like, the second decaffeinated cola after Royal Crown. Recalls Seven-Up Vice President Guy Smith: "Since 60% of the soft drinks are colas, Philip Morris wanted to be where the action is."

The Seven-Up campaign pushed the lemon-lime drink ahead of Dr Pepper and stunned Coke and Pepsi, which insist there is nothing wrong with normal levels of caffeine. Last July, however, Pepsi introduced decaffeinated versions of regular Pepsi and Diet Pepsi, and both have done well. "They have gone far beyond our wildest expectations," says Rick Sharp, marketing manager of Pepsi-Cola Bottling in Los Angeles. Pepsi now has 50% of the decaffeinated cola market, which reached about $200 million last year.

Coca-Cola knows it has some catching up to do in that market, and so it is trying to introduce its three brands into 80% of the U.S. by December. If successful, that would be the fastest soft-drink launch ever.

Coca-Cola's ad campaigns for the new products will downplay any possible health benefits of caffeine-free drinks to keep them from luring too many soda quaffers from its regular brands. Says Malcolm MacDougall, president of SSC&B, the New York ad agency that is handling the campaign: "We are not really making a big thing of it. We are telling people that decaffeinated cola is here if they want it."

The caffeine battles, of course, are merely the latest skirmishes in the ancient war between Coke and Pepsi. Coca-Cola, which makes Sprite, Fresca, Mello Yello and other brands in addition to Coke and TAB, leads all soft-drink producers, with some 36% of the total market. Pepsi brands, including Mountain Dew, have about 25%. But although regular Coke is still the bestselling soft drink, it has lost some ground to Pepsi since the early 1970s *(see chart)*.



The battle between the two soft-drink giants is expensive. They will spend at least $500 million on all advertising and promotion this year. Each will account for approximately half that sum.

The newest twist in the war for the taste buds of America is the shift in diet-cola advertising campaigns to appeal to male audiences. "We have found that 40% of our Pepsi Light drinkers were men, even though we never made a point of reaching them," says Joseph Block, PepsiCo vice president. Pepsi has accordingly embarked on a $10 million drive to "reposition" Pepsi Light closer to the men's locker room. One new commercial in fact is shot in a football locker room and features singing and dancing behemoths of the New York Giants defensive unit declaring that they hate opposing halfbacks and quarterbacks and then adding, in unison, "but we love Pepsi Light!"

Coca-Cola has also put together new male-oriented ads. Says a construction worker in one: "At last there is a soft drink that isn't just out for my body." Explains SSC&B's MacDougall: "For about 17 years all of the products in the diet segment were female oriented—the music, everything about them. Men were just allowed to look at those beautiful bodies. But we are changing that."

The next battleground in the soft-drink industry is likely to be over the sweeteners used in diet drinks. Low-calorie sodas, which make up some 20% of the carbonated-beverage market, have been growing at a 10% to 15% annual clip. That delights firms because diet drinks are the most profitable ones they make. Reason: saccharin, used in most diet soft drinks, costs one-tenth as much as sugar. But there is some concern that saccharin in extremely large doses may cause cancer; besides, the sweetener leaves an aftertaste. Firms have been experimenting with other artificial sweeteners. One of them, G.D. Searle & Co.'s aspartame, is more expensive but better tasting and is believed to have no link to cancer. The Food and Drug Administration is expected to rule soon on whether aspartame may be used in soft drinks, and soda firms could quickly start using the sweetener if it is approved. Says Smith Barney's Doyle: "It is absolutely certain in my mind that aspartame will be used. It's just a question of when."

While some analysts and soft-drink executives fear the explosion of new products will mean market confusion and heavier competition, others believe it will mean larger overall sales. One such enthusiast is Coca-Cola Chairman Roberto Goizueta. Says he: "Even with the multitude of products already on the market, if we expect to keep growing and satisfying the consumer we'll have to create still more. We must create more new flavors, more diet drinks, more caffeine-free ones and even new products that contain caffeine, if consumers continue to want them."

The question, though, is whether American consumers are ready to drink that many more sodas. By one estimate, for the industry to match the growth rate of the past 35 years over the next 35 years, every American would have to down 1,900 bottles of soda annually by the year 2017. That works out to more than five soft drinks a day. —*By John Greenwald. Reported by Marc Levinson/Atlanta and Sue Raffety/New York*

Reaching for the Biggest Market

AMC, with a hit car in the U.S., will make Jeeps in China

The American jeep, a favorite vehicle of World War II G.I.s and weekend off-the-road runners, is on the way to China. Last week in Peking, American Motors Chairman Paul Tippett and Wu Zhongliang, general manager of the Peking Automotive Industry Corp., signed an agreement for the joint production of Jeeps in China.

AMC's Chinese deal is the latest in a series of moves to boost sales ($2.9 billion in 1982) and put the firm back in the black. That will be no easy task. Two weeks ago AMC announced first-quarter losses of $66 million. During the past three years, it lost a total of $491 million.

The company will provide $8 million in cash and another $8 million in technological assistance to China for a 31.4% share in the $51 million venture. AMC says it will reinvest profits from the operation until its stake reaches 49%.

During the first phase of the plan, AMC will retool China's standard jeep, the BJ-212. Called a "Jipu" in Chinese slang, the BJ-212 is a 30-year-old vehicle of partly Soviet design. AMC will install a fuel-efficient, four-cylinder engine and other improvements. The first spruced-up Jipus will roll off Peking's assembly lines in 1984. Starting in 1987, the vehicle will be replaced by a version of AMC's popular CJ-7 Jeep.

For AMC, last week's agreement establishes a solid base in the Asia-Pacific market, since the U.S. company will have all export rights for Chinese-built Jeeps. Said Tippett: "This is a major, long-term opportunity for us." Sales in the region of four-wheel-drive vehicles, currently 100,000 a year, have been growing by about 30% annually.

AMC has been undergoing a major overhaul since 1979, when Renault, France's leading automaker, began buying into the company. The French firm now owns 46.4% of American Motors, and AMC's president, José Dedeurwaerder, comes from Renault. Joining forces with the French was probably the only hope for survival for AMC, a lilliputian in a brobdingnagian land. With sales of $60 billion, General Motors is almost 21 times as big as AMC, whose share of the U.S. auto market reached a nadir of 1.2% last August.

During the past four years, AMC has been developing a French accent. Except for the four-wheel-drive Eagle, the firm has retired all the passenger cars it used to make. In their place is a new line of cars imported from France, including the subcompact Le Car and the sporty Fuego. The smash hit, though, has been the appropriately named Alliance, manufactured in Kenosha, Wis.

Introduced last September, the Alliance (base price: $5,595) is the fourth leading subcompact, behind the Ford Escort, the Nissan Sentra and the Chevrolet Chevette. That is no small accomplishment, since the three leaders all have much larger dealer networks. Consumers say they like the Alliance's low cost and fuel efficiency (37 m.p.g. in town, 52 m.p.g. on the highway).

Thanks to the Alliance, which accounted for 91% of AMC's car sales during the first quarter, the company's U.S. market share has more than doubled, to 2.6%. While AMC originally had hoped to sell 100,000 Alliances this year, it now expects to sell 150,000, and this fall will launch a hatchback model called the Encore.

Rebuilding its product line presents AMC with daunting cash needs. Between 1984 and 1987, the company plans to invest $1.2 billion. To help foot that bill, AMC last month raised $58.8 million in a public stock offering. The company is also looking for a buyer for its AM General subsidiary, which supplies Jeeps to the U.S. Postal Service and trucks and other vehicles to the Army. The company's only profitable division during the past three years, AM General will probably sell for about $200 million.

All the new business will be good news for AMC's workers. In the past 18 months, AMC cut its work force by 15%, to 22,000, and won wage-and-benefit concessions worth $90 million from those who remained. But last week the company rehired 800 laid-off employees to help produce the Alliance. "We're a long way from where we want to be," says Kenosha Plant Boss Dennis Montone, "but we're on the road."

That mood extends up through the ranks to Chairman Tippett, who says, "The AMC train is finally leaving the station." After the agreement in China, the AMC train might be called the Orient Express. ***—By Janice Castro. Reported by Paul A. Witteman/Detroit***

Tippett and a Chinese worker with an AMC Jeep, left, and a "Jipu" in Peking; inset, the Alliance

With help from the French and Chinese, "the AMC train is finally leaving the station."

Giving It Back

Chrysler to repay $400 million

Chrysler Chairman Lee Iacocca had some startling news at his company's annual shareholders meeting in Detroit last week. "Just try to name a person, corporation or government that has paid off a note seven years ahead of schedule," said Iacocca with a broad smile. But that is what Chrysler is about to do. Next month, announced Iacocca, Chrysler will be forking over $400 million, or one-third of its federally guaranteed loans.

Washington backed $1.2 billion in loans from banks and other lenders to Chrysler in 1980 and 1981 to spare it from bankruptcy. The company dropped $3.48 billion from 1978 through 1981, the worst corporate loss in U.S. history. Though Chrysler does not have to repay the loans until 1990, its officials now hope to clear the $800 million balance by 1985. That would save the company a bundle; next month's $400 million payment alone will mean a saving of $31 million in interest annually.

Chrysler officials said the action was made possible by the recent drop in interest rates. The company can now borrow any money it needs at lower rates than it was paying for the loans it is retiring. ■

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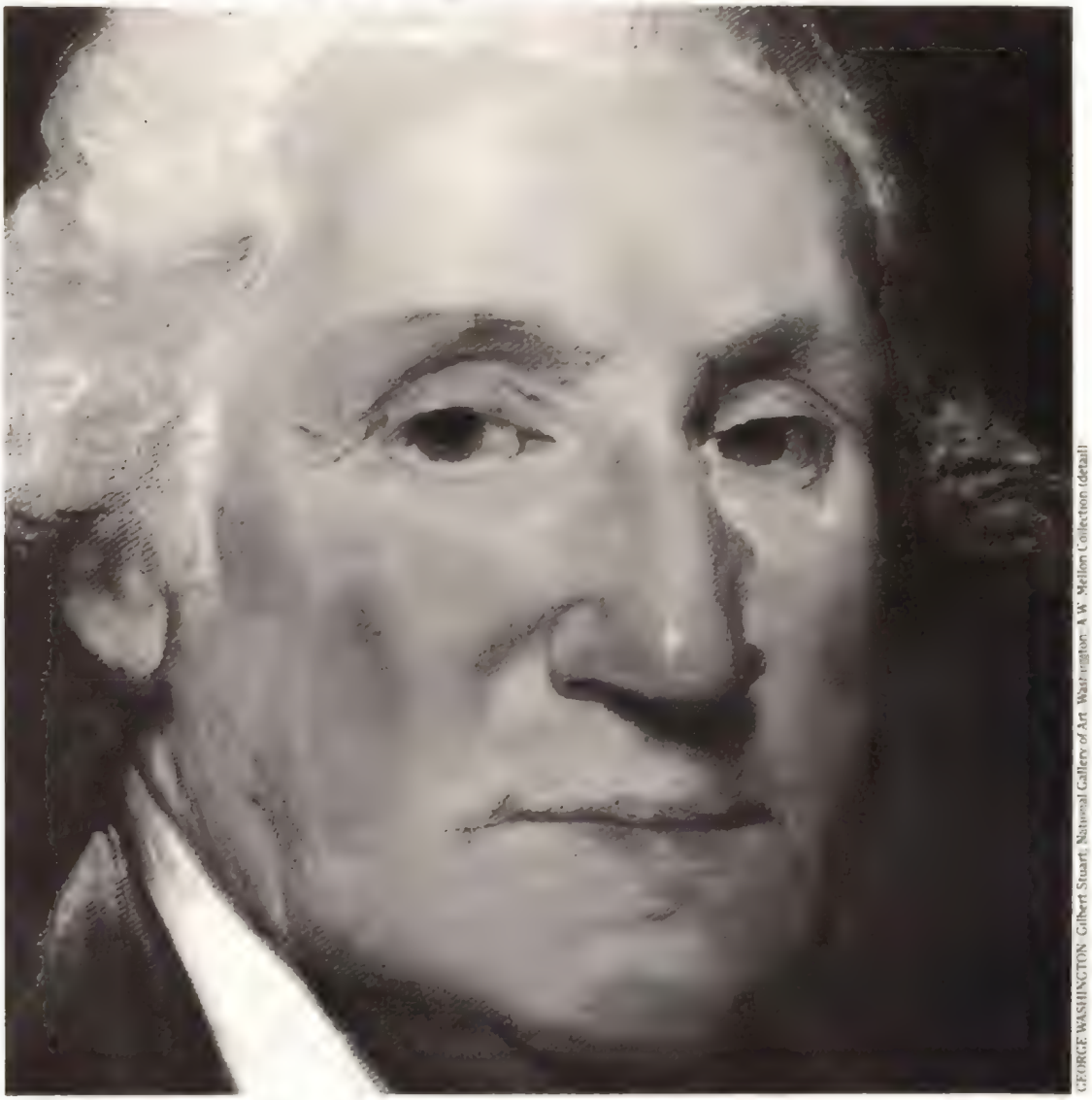

GEORGE WASHINGTON Gilbert Stuart, National Gallery of Art Washington. A W. Mellon Collection (detail)

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Customers blast bank robbery

Last January, Gayle Essary, 42, owner of a small advertising firm in Queens, N.Y., wrote a string of checks that bounced. Essary was shocked and bewildered; he had just deposited a check for $24,000, more than enough to cover the checks he had written, into his account at Citibank. When he demanded an explanation, bank officials said they had put a temporary hold on his check to make sure it was good. Essary claims that Citibank held his $24,000 in limbo for ten days—business days, that is—and his money was unavailable to him for two full weeks.

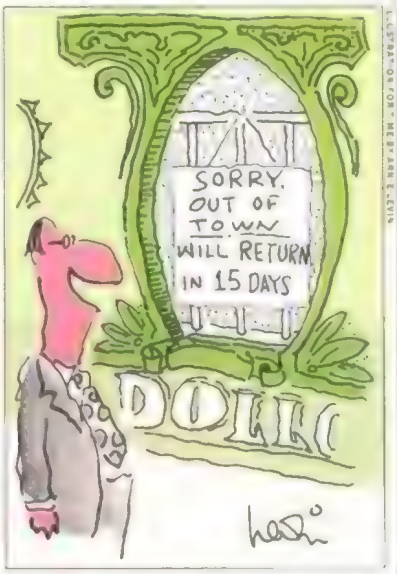
Such episodes have long infuriated customers at many big-city banks. Funds deposited as checks can often be used only after waiting periods that may range from two days to three weeks. Chicago's Continental Illinois bank, for example, puts a five-business-day hold on Illinois checks and a seven-business-day stay on out-of-state checks. For years depositors have shrugged off this inconvenience, but protests are now on the rise, and politicians are beginning to pay attention. Legislation to regulate bank check-clearing policies is pending in Congress and in at least two state legislatures.

Banks and savings and loan associations maintain in their defense that it may take several weeks to find out if a check is going to bounce. But critics point out that only 1% of all checks turn out to be no good. They charge that banks are really delaying payment to pad profits.

Banks frequently collect money from checks far faster than they credit it to their customers' accounts. To receive payment for a check, a bank usually sends it to a Federal Reserve branch or some other check-clearing institution. The bank typically receives credit from the Federal Reserve within 24 to 48 hours, even if it takes the Fed longer to collect from the bank on which the check was drawn. After being paid for the check by the Federal Reserve, a bank may wait several days, or in some cases a couple of weeks, before permitting the customer to use his own money. During that time, the bank invests the money and earns interest, a strategy known as "playing the float." In essence, the customer often unwittingly gives the bank a free loan. Says New York State Senator Franz Leichter: "I think it's the biggest consumer scam going on in America today."

Bankers point out that the check credit granted by the Federal Reserve is only provisional. If the check later proves to be no good, then the Fed takes its money back. Revenues from playing the float, however, can be much higher than losses from bad checks. Lee Falls, a vice president at San Francisco's Bank of America, estimates that his bank earns $3.35 million off the float each day and suffers only about $3 million of bad-check losses during an entire year. But Falls says that the number of bad checks would rise dramatically if the bank eliminated waiting periods. Says he: "The crooks would come out of the woodwork. We have to protect ourselves from losses."

More and more people are refusing to accept that argument. Prompted by a column critical of banks in the San Francisco *Examiner*, 5,000 people sent angry letters to California State Assembly Speaker Willie Brown. Complained one writer: "My bank put a two-week hold on a U.S. Treasury check because it was from out of state. I mean, if the U.S. Government isn't good for the money, we might as well toss it in." Brown has introduced a bill in the



assembly that would require banks in most cases to clear checks within five days. Last week the New York State legislature began consideration of a bill that would empower a state panel to set limits on check-clearing times. In Congress, Democratic Senators Christopher Dodd of Connecticut and William Proxmire of Wisconsin have proposed a new law that would require banks to publish their check-clearing schedules. Many consumers are unaware of their banks' policies on check clearing. Publishing them would allow customers to shop around, and competition might force banks to reduce their check-clearing delays.

Gayle Essary was not content to wait for legislative remedies. After his checks bounced, he "got mad" and stood outside his Citibank branch to hand out leaflets describing his experience. He then organized a group of protesters, who picketed Citibank's annual meeting last month. In response, Citibank has assigned three officers to hear the protesters' case this week. Says Essary: "I'm committed to changing bank policy. The only outlet that people have is to complain." ■

Bothered Bull

Biggs sparks some selling

Wall Street's bull market suffered a temporary setback last Monday, when the Dow Jones industrial average plunged 21.87 points, its steepest slide in almost two months. Later in the week, though, the market charged back smartly and closed at 1232.59, another record high. The short-lived sell-off was sparked by Barton Biggs, 50, chief portfolio strategist for Morgan Stanley & Co., the Manhattan investment banking firm that handles $7 billion in investments for clients, including about $5 billion from Kuwait. During a routine Monday-morning planning session, the gist of which was flashed to Morgan's clients, Biggs said he was becoming a little wary about the market. "I am inclined to be considerably more cautious about fresh buying," says Biggs.

A ruddy-faced Yankee who looks as if he stepped out of a John Cheever story, Biggs has a bachelor's degree from Yale and an M.B.A. from New York University. The market watcher keeps in shape for the intense Wall Street action by pumping a bicycle at the Morgan Stanley gym for up to 45 minutes at a time. He believes that an investment manager's most important product is his judgment, and he hones his by reading voraciously, and not just technical journals. Two recent and related devourings: *Peter the Great* by Robert Massie and *The 900 Days*, Harrison Salisbury's account of the World War II siege of Leningrad. Last February, Biggs' weekly stock-market analysis included a quote from British Philosopher John Locke's *An Essay Concerning Human Understanding:* "He that judges without informing himself to the utmost that he is capable, cannot acquit himself of judging amiss."

Barton Biggs

Biggs' judgment has not often been amiss. Last July he was one of a handful of Wall Streeters predicting that the Dow would break 1000 by year's end. It reached a high of 1070.55 on Dec. 27.

Right now Biggs is particularly concerned about the headlong rush to high-tech stocks. He calls this "classic overspeculation," yet he is not bearish about the overall market trend. He foresees some degree of correction, but not the 10% to 15% anticipated by many of his Wall Street colleagues. He still strongly favors blue-chip companies that will benefit most from a slowdown in inflation: IBM, GE, American Bell and 3M. Lower oil prices and interest rates, he says, could keep the bulls going. Biggs last week, using Churchill's famous quote, said the bull market had not reached the "beginning of the end" but the "end of the beginning." ■

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Moving Upscale

Junkyards as recycling plants

Who these days is immune to the classic American impulse toward self-improvement? Now it has infected the owners of those grimy, slightly disreputable repositories of rusting old machinery known as junkyards. They are sprucing up operations, organizing merchandise, buying computers, even hiring consultants and promoting an industry association. Says Barry Isenberg, head of a California firm that advises junkyard owners: "No question about it. The last backward industry in the U.S. is now shaping up." The purveyors of used parts are moving so far upscale that they now want to be known as "auto dismantlers and recyclers."

Car bodies are neatly stacked three high at All Foreign Auto Salvage in Berkeley, Calif.

Instead of rusty pieces, buyers may now get "predismantled, previously owned parts."

Take Robertson's Auto Salvage in Wareham, Mass. Customers do not have to step gingerly around pools of crankcase oil or pick through piles of grimy auto carcasses to find a distributor or transmission. Instead they consult with necktie-wearing salesmen and browse among neatly stacked trays of labeled parts. Robertson's has a pert receptionist, an IBM computer and a company plane, a Beechcraft Baron twin-engine. Sales last year: $6 million.

Such upwardly mobile auto-dismantling and -recycling plants are a product of hard economic times. Junkyards are prospering because car owners are keeping old clunkers longer and fixing them with used parts. Although fancier surroundings can mean fancier prices, junkyard discounts can still be considerable. A power-steering pump for a 1978 Chevrolet V-8 costs $150.74 when bought new from a dealer, yet it can be found at a junkyard for about $30. As a result of such savings, sales at the 11,200 junkyards in the U.S. rose 10.4% in 1981, to more than $4 billion, and increased again last year, though by a smaller amount. Most people, however, still shy away from junkyards; only 3% of the population visit them regularly.

Running a newfangled junkyard is no shoestring operation. Lakenor Auto Salvage in Santa Fe Springs, Calif., has completed a $3 million building program that includes lounges for customers, computerized inventory and a 20,000-sq.-ft. warehouse. Jim Hanlon moved his Kansas City yard from the wrong side of the tracks to a $280,000 four-acre lot in an industrial park, where he built an air-conditioned office building and showroom complete with video games for waiting buyers. Southern Nevada Auto Parts near Las Vegas employs six licensed mechanics so that it can install used parts as well as sell them. It also spends up to $7,000 a month on radio and television commercials.

Some junkyards are beginning to resemble auto-parts boutiques. All Foreign Auto Salvage in Berkeley, Calif., deals only in parts for imported cars. A & B Auto Salvage in a Los Angeles suburb specializes in parts for Mercedes-Benzes. Such concentration requires that operators become more creative in scavenging for inventory. Instead of buying whatever wreck is towed onto the lot, many yards now seek out needed models at wholesale salvage auctions. Customers get better service too. When a shopper arrives on the lot, he does not have to wait while a grease-stained worker uses an acetylene torch to cut a part out of a rusting hulk. Rather, he finds the pieces already separated and ready for sale as "predismantled, previously owned parts," not, certainly, as junk. ■

Getting Tough

A nuclear watchdog growls

Ever since the accident at Three Mile Island in 1979, the Nuclear Regulatory Commission (NRC) has been under intense public pressure to make sure that workable plans exist for evacuating the people who live near one of the 83 American nuclear power plants in case of another emergency. Last week the NRC showed by two tough decisions that it really takes its watchdog role seriously. In a unanimous ruling, the five-member agency voted to shut down by June 9 two troubled reactors that serve metropolitan New York City unless local authorities quickly agree on acceptable evacuation procedures. In a separate action, the agency levied its largest fine ever for a nuclear plant safety violation: $850,000 against New Jersey's Public Service Electric & Gas Co.

The New York case will be closely watched by both friends and foes of nuclear power. If the NRC carries out the threat, it will be the first time that an operating nuclear facility has been ordered closed for lack of an evacuation plan. Said Commissioner John F. Ahearne, a former NRC chairman and a physicist by training: "If we didn't [take action] here, people wouldn't believe we would do it anywhere."

The NRC's deadline for putting these procedures into place passed two years ago, yet only 16 of the 53 American nuclear installations have approved plans. In the other cases the intense debates over the feasibility of the programs have delayed any action.

The New York facilities in question are the Indian Point No. 2 and No. 3 plants at Buchanan, N.Y., which are owned by Consolidated Edison and the New York State Power Authority. Some 300,000 people live within ten miles of the plants, which overlook the Hudson River, 35 miles north of Manhattan. In Rockland County, across the river from Indian Point, authorities have refused to take part in any talks on evacuation procedures because they believe it would be impossible to get people out of the area in a crisis. Thus the NRC's action is, at least in part, a form of pressure on New York State to get its balky counties in line on the nuclear safety issue.

Even if the two plants were permanently closed, however, the consequences might not be the Armageddon suggested by some of the inflamed reactions after last week's ruling. The plants together can deliver some 1,800 megawatts of electricity—when they are operating. As it happens, the state-owned 965-megawatt Indian Point No. 3 plant has been out of action for more than a year because of leaks and corroding pipes. During that time, there has been no noticeable effect on the cost or delivery of electricity in the most populous U.S. metropolitan area. ■

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From steel top to solid box-type frame and protective steel skid plates, the Montero is well built, like a gorilla.

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Beefy independent front suspension with torsion bars smooths out unbeaten paths. Or roads that have gone to potholes.

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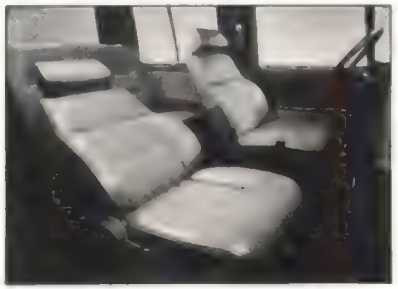

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Easy to see out of. Thanks to a high top and tinted glass.

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Money Worries

The Rockefellers diversify

Everybody frets about money, even the Rockefellers. Shortly after the Standard Oil trust was broken up in 1911, John D. Rockefeller was said to be worth $900 million. By the time Grandson Nelson was required to air the Rockefeller finances in 1974 during his confirmation hearings to become Vice President, the family had given away some $1.4 billion in various philanthropies, but still had well over $1 billion to its name. Today the family holdings are estimated at $3 billion to $4 billion.

That may sound like a great deal of money. But there were, after all, 74 direct living descendants of John D. Jr., son of the patriarch, at last count. While none of them are pleading poverty, they all need a little extra cash for their various philanthropies, not to mention living expenses. So last week, in hopes of improving the family's fortunes, a Rockefeller holding company announced plans to pay about $332 million for five television stations and four radio stations owned by the Outlet Co. of Providence, R.I. The move into broadcasting is part of a new family strategy to diversify its holdings and bring a better return on investments.

The television and radio stations are being acquired by Rockefeller Center Inc., a private company that manages about two-thirds of the family's wealth. Its biggest single asset is Rockefeller Center, the eight-block, 17-building office complex in New York City that celebrated its 50th anniversary last year. While the center reportedly generates revenues of $500 million a year, its 1981 profit was only $20 million. The Rockefellers have tried several schemes to wring more cash out of the complex and last year had even arranged to sell an interest in the center, but the deal fell through. Other family ventures include office buildings in Phoenix, Detroit and Newark, a paper and plastics manufacturer, an oil and gas company, the New York City–based Cushman & Wakefield Inc. real estate management firm, and a company that produces traveling versions of the stage shows at Radio City Music Hall.

The architect of the plan to diversify the family wealth is Rockefeller Center President Richard Voell, 49, former chief operating officer of the revived Penn Central Corp. Voell, who has been on the job little more than a year, has targeted communications, financial services and entertainment as areas for expansion. But moving into new fields has not been easy. One investment has already flopped. Earlier this year, the company shut down a pay-cable TV service, the Entertainment Channel, which it co-owned with RCA Corp., after the operation ran up losses of $50 million. Now that it has been proved that even Rockefellers can lose money, Voell hopes that the latest entry in communications will be a winner. ■

Dividends

Bed and Keyboard

No respectable hotel room is complete without a color television and telephone. If Travelhost Network, a travel-service company based in Dallas, has its way, soon no hotel room will be complete without a computer. When Travelhost's compact Quazon computer terminals are hooked up to a television and telephone, guests can check airline schedules and make reservations, scan U.P.I. reports for the latest news and stock prices, catch the sports scores or play electronic games. Business travelers can read messages or documents transmitted from their offices.

Chicago's Midland Hotel has already put terminals in 100 of its 300 rooms at a cost of $30,000. Some 120 other hotels, including Hiltons, Sheratons, Marriotts and Holiday Inns, are currently installing the machines in 80 cities.

The computer service costs $3 for the first 20 minutes during the nighttime and 17¢ a minute after that. The terminal, though, has a mean streak. When it beats a guest badly at electronic backgammon, it flashes on the TV screen, "You are obviously a rank amateur. Better luck next time."

Fly the Sybaritic Skies

While many airlines are slashing prices and skimping on service, Regent Air, a new carrier based in Los Angeles, intends to chart a different course. When its twice-daily flights between Los Angeles and New York City begin in July, passengers will live high as they fly high. Amid a lavish art deco décor, they will sip

Taittinger champagne from fine crystal and dine on caviar and fresh Maine lobster. They will have plenty of room to stretch and stroll. Regent Air's 727 jets will carry a maximum of 36 travelers, in contrast to up to 130 on other airlines' 727 flights. Four private compartments on board will have queen-size beds. Says Regent Air President F. Michael Rogers: "It's a bit of a nostalgia trip. We want our flights to be as luxurious as train travel was 50 years ago." The price: $1,500 one way, compared with the standard first-class fare of $539 and economy-class rates as low as $199.

Rogers says that the main market for his posh service is bicoastal executives from the entertainment and garment industries who frequently shuttle back and forth between Los Angeles and New York. He believes they will be ready to pay for a flight that is "10% airline and 90% service."

Sweden's Crash of '83

Swedish stockbrokers were as gloomy last week as characters in a bleak Ingmar Bergman movie. The Stockholm stock exchange was still and silent, idled temporarily by a total breakdown in an electronic system for registering trades. Millions of transactions being processed at the time of the crash were suddenly in limbo. Said Broker Sven Hagströmer: "It's a scandal. You can't get your money, and you can't get your stocks." Nothing so disastrous had happened to the exchange since it shut down during a financial panic in 1932 after Match King Ivar Kreuger went bankrupt.

Until the snafu, Sweden's stock market was booming because of laws passed in 1978 and 1980 that offered tax breaks on investments in corporate shares. The number of Swedes owning stock has since more than tripled, to 1.25 million, or nearly one-sixth of the country's population. The value of transactions on an average day at the Stockholm exchange has risen more than 4,500%, to 357 million kronor ($47.9 million). That surge eventually overwhelmed the British ICL 2966 computers used to register trades.

Three teams of technicians have been working round the clock in eight-hour shifts in an effort to reopen the exchange this week. In the meantime, Swedes are improvising. The business paper *Dagens Industri* is providing free classified ads for anyone wishing to sell stock directly to another person. One stockholder took out an ad offering to buy 5,000 shares of Volvo for 455 kronor ($61) each, almost the same as the pre-crash price of 458 kronor. ■

Finding the A on the Keyboard

A major U.S. firm introduces its executives to high technology

In a windowless room deep in a cinder-block office structure, 15 executives are learning how to use a personal computer. Prodded by two instructors, the pupils thumb through looseleaf training manuals, trying to find the exact combination of letters and numbers that will make the finicky machines do their bidding. There is a certain amount of head scratching and muttering. Complains one frustrated novice: "I run a $300 million division on a daily basis, and I can't find the A on the keyboard."

Such scenes have become familiar around the Hartford, Conn., headquarters complex of United Technologies (Otis elevators, Carrier air conditioners, Sikorsky helicopters). About 1,100 of the executives in the firm, who earn $50,000 a year and up, are scheduled to take three-day courses on personal computers. Upon graduation, each is issued an IBM machine, printer and other accessories, a package worth $4,500, to use in any manner that seems suitable.

United Technologies (1982 sales: $13.6 billion) may be the first giant U.S. industrial corporation to attempt so broad an experiment with personal computers. For many executives around the country, the desktop device is little more than an expensive paperweight. The reason is that they spend much of their time on supervisory or policymaking tasks. They depend on subordinates to perform the kind of data manipulation and word processing that computers do best. So while computers are commonplace at lower corporate levels, they are not routinely used in the executive suite at such companies as Exxon, General Motors and Du Pont.

Aware of these problems, United Technologies deliberately set its goals low. When the program started last December, John Bennett, corporate director of data processing, noted that one of the principal aims of the project was just to acquaint executives with the possibilities of the personal computer. Predicted Bennett: "Only 20% will become day-to-day users. Another 40% will use theirs occasionally, and I suspect the remainder of the computers will drift toward users' homes."

Even the most technically oriented managers found that a lot of practice was required to master the machines. Robert J. Bertini Jr., a controller, took his home "so I could make my mistakes in private." After three weeks of self-training, Bertini now eagerly displays complicated financial projections and claims that his productivity has increased 10%. Stephen Melvin, president of an aircraft-engine manufacturing division, found the U.T. training sessions "humbling, like golf." But he asserts that the computer lets him dig deeper into his division's operations by giving him quick access to records and data.

Many other executives, however, have discovered that the computer is a tool of limited use. Says Horst Pohlmann, a Pratt & Whitney vice president who supervises 2,600 people: "There is no way that I have the time to feed data into that machine. I concluded that my time could be better spent with my people." Arthur Kesten, who installed his computer at home, sometimes communicates with the three big main-frame computers at the U.T. research center where he is an assistant director. But Kesten found that the device is ineffective as a home appliance. Says he: "Balancing a checkbook on a computer is silly."

Even though United Technologies builds jet engines and parts for the space shuttle, it was a late convert to the electronic office. Until five years ago, the company's secretaries did not even have word processors. Near the close of the 1970s, maverick engineers and finance people began bootlegging Apple and Radio Shack PCs (personal computers) into corporate headquarters. Soon more than 100 unofficial desktop machines had appeared. Now the office help works on more than 600 company-bought computers.

When U.T. decided to initiate its executive instruction project, it encountered resistance from some of the highly paid managers. But after Chairman Harry Gray issued a video-taped message saying that the training was a good idea, defenses crumbled. So far, about 310 U.T. officials have graduated from the course. Early company estimates of use have proved optimistic: less than 20% of executives employ their PC daily on the job; about the same number turn to it occasionally; only one manager said he did not want to use the computer at all.

More useful to corporation executives may be the next generation of so-called multifunction work stations. They will include not only computers but telephones and dictating machines that respond to spoken commands. The work stations can be linked with terminals at other stations so that managers can share data and exchange messages. Such a device might even find a customer in United Technologies Chief Gray. So far he is a conspicuous truant from his company's computer experiment. —*By Alexander L. Taylor III*

Businessmen keep their eyes glued to the screen at a United Technologies training session

Researcher Arthur Kesten works at home

While desktop machines are used in lower corporate echelons, they are little more than expensive paperweights for most top managers.

The Bishops *vs.* the Bomb

Catholic leaders sharply criticize U.S. nuclear arms policy

"The meaning of this moment is not about weapons systems, megatonnage or complicated treaties. [It] resides in the vivid awareness people have of the danger of our times and the public determination that governments be challenged to take decisive steps against the nuclear threat." So declared Joseph Cardinal Bernardin as 262 Roman Catholic bishops of the U.S. last week met in Bernardin's Chicago to debate a 44,000-word pastoral letter on the morality of nuclear arms policy. After two days of discussion, the bishops endorsed by a large margin (238 to 9) a sweeping and, to critics, ill-advised attack on theories of nuclear deterrence that have been central to the defense policy of a series of U.S. Administrations, Democratic and Republican.

The third draft of the pastoral letter, "The Challenge of Peace: God's Promise and Our Response," was written by a five-member committee headed by Bernardin. The first and second drafts had given grudging acceptance to the concept of nuclear deterrence, if the U.S. worked for mutual disarmament with the Soviets. In its most controversial passage, the second draft also called for a "halt" in the deployment and development of U.S. and Soviet nuclear weapons; that stance was rejected by conservative bishops and criticized by the Administration because it amounted to an endorsement of a nuclear freeze that would maintain Soviet superiority. The draft of the third version under consideration called for both sides to "curb" their nuclear activities rather than halt them.

Many bishops had been upset by the way the Reagan Administration had praised the third draft; for example, Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger two weeks ago declared that the document was "consistent" with the Government's policy. The bishops, who felt the draft was far more critical than that, were unhappy with the impression given that they had watered down the document in response to criticism from the White House.

The tone of the Chicago meeting was set during debate on the first of 478 proposed amendments. The bishops overwhelmingly revived the call for a halt in the spread of nuclear arms. In effect they were endorsing the nuclear-freeze resolution. But they added a waffling footnote stating they had no wish "to be identified with a specific political initiative."

Another important alteration clashed with U.S. and NATO policy, which allows for the possibility of an Allied first-strike use of nuclear weapons; the theory is that this threat will deter an attack by the superior non-nuclear forces of the Soviet bloc. The bishops adopted an amendment offered by San Francisco's archbishop, John R. Quinn: "We do not perceive any situation in which the deliberate initiation of nuclear warfare on however restricted a scale can be morally justified."

Would it, then, be moral to fire nuclear weapons in retaliation against an enemy's nuclear strike? The bishops first endorsed an amendment by Quinn opposing any conceivable use of nuclear weapons. But the bishops later rejected Quinn's wording, preferring to express "profound skepticism" that any use would ever be moral because innocent civilians would be killed in a retaliatory attack.

The most persistent conservative was Archbishop Philip Hannan of New Orleans, a chaplain with the 82nd Airborne Division during World War II. As the antinuclear wave rolled on, Hannan lectured his fellow bishops: "I don't think you know what you're talking about at all, not having been in war. You're just inviting the enemy in if you withdraw those nuclear weapons we have."

A State Department spokesman repeated the Administration's fears that the bishops' hoped-for halt of nuclear deployment would diminish prospects for a major arms-reduction agreement with the Soviet Union. Whatever his private dismay, President Reagan mildly observed that the document "is a legitimate effort to do exactly what we're doing, and that is to try to find ways toward world peace."

The main question raised by the bishops' approval of the pastoral letter is whether it would indeed work for peace in the long run. The document is a classic example of the church's age-old effort to use moral idealism to change the realities of politics. But the steps that the U.S. bishops advocate may make it more difficult to maintain a precarious peace. Facing the same issues, but at closer range, West European bishops have been far less critical of NATO's nuclear strategy.

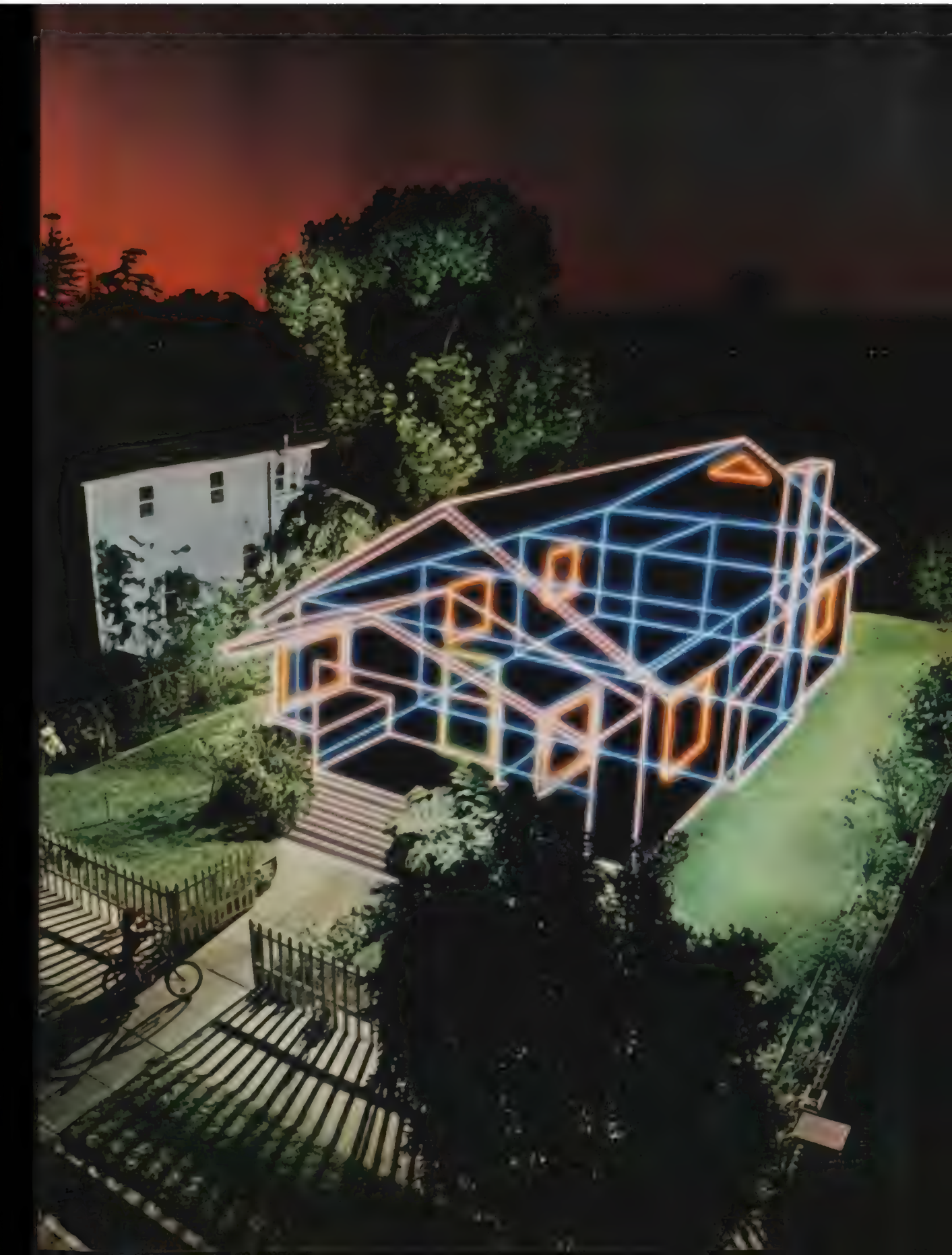
To work for mutual nuclear disarmament, the U.S., paradoxically, must operate from nuclear strength. Although they supported the policy of deterrence, which ultimately depends for its credibility on the will of the U.S. to use nuclear weapons if attacked, the bishops doubted that any use of nuclear arms by the U.S. would be moral. Catholic Philosopher Michael Novak, a leading conservative critic of the pastoral letter, argues that the U.S. must be ready to use its nuclear arsenal, if need be, "to prevent the most awful aggression against innocent peoples here and elsewhere." In addition, the bishops' proposal that the U.S. and NATO should forgo the first use of nuclear arms against an overwhelming Soviet conventional attack would probably mean that Europe would be lost.

Scene as debate went on about the morality of modern armaments; inset: Cardinal Bernardin

Challenging governments to take decisive steps against "the danger of our times."

At the insistence of the Vatican, the U.S. bishops' pastoral letter explicitly states that only the church's broad moral principles are absolute (for example, the immorality of indiscriminate killing of innocent civilians); it also concedes that Catholics of good will might differ over how these principles apply to the intricacies of nuclear weaponry. But the bishops also contend that their "moral judgment in specific cases, while not binding on conscience, is to be given serious attention and consideration" by America's 50 million Catholics as they develop their own thinking on the morality of nuclear arms. —*By Richard N. Ostling.*

Reported by J. Madeleine Nash/Chicago



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Picture your home as the world's largest library. And as your schoolroom.

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These aren't far-out dreams of some far-off tomorrow. The Bell System is already developing the technology that can make them happen.

An important part of that technology is lightwave fiber, already in use in some areas. Bell engineers are working on a lightwave system that can carry more than 100,000 telephone conversations simultaneously. All over fibers about one-tenth the thickness of a human hair.

And lightwave fiber, while providing even better transmission quality, is much less expensive than copper cable of comparable capacity.

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There'll be somebody to talk to. To get you information. To tell you what the changes at the Bell System will mean to you.

We want you to feel at home with them. **Let's talk.**

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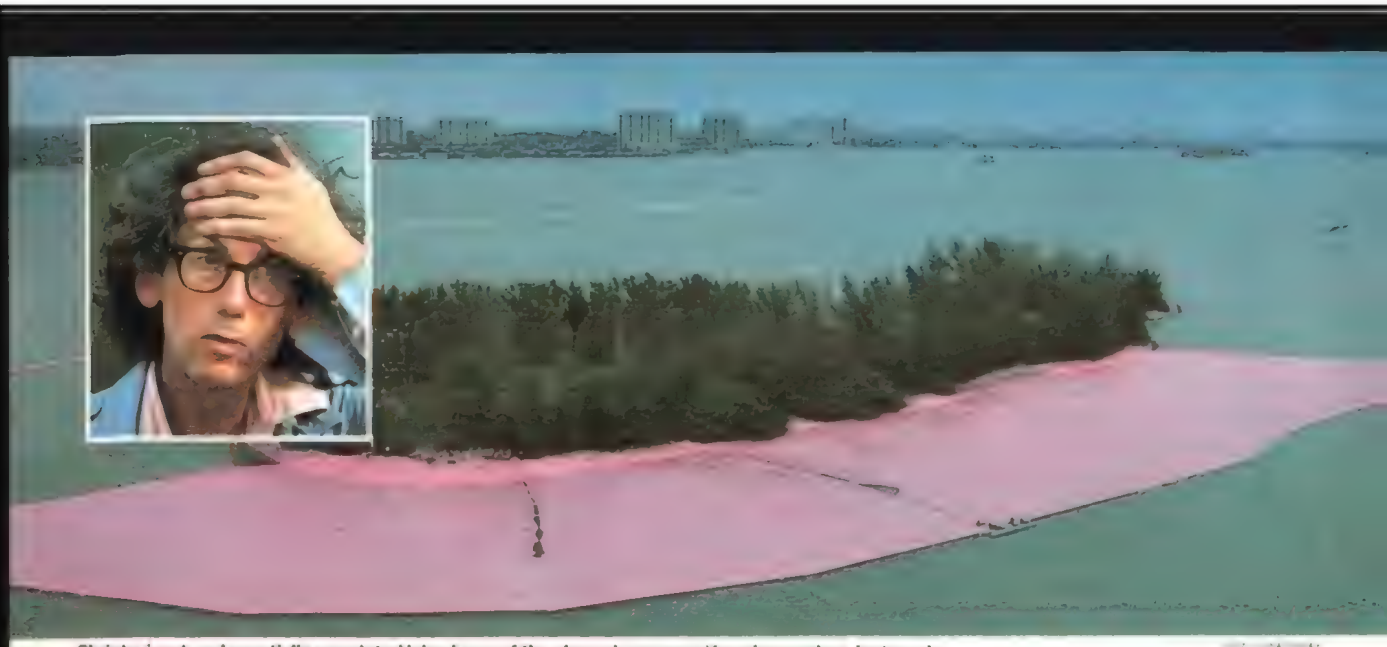


Christo, inset, and a partially completed island, one of the eleven he wrapped in polypropylene last week

People

With a bullhorn as his paintbrush and the crystal-blue waters of Miami's Biscayne Bay his canvas, **Christo,** 47, was in Conceptual Artist Nirvana last week as he darted about by speedboat, yelling instructions to 400 helpers who had signed on for his latest production. His plan was to envelop eleven garbage-strewn islands between Miami and Miami Beach with some 6 million sq. ft. of pink polypropylene. Christo's $3.2 million "irresponsible, irrational, poetic gesture," as he calls it, is being financed largely by the sale of sketches, drawings and models of the work. As with earlier endeavors, such as draping a curtain between two Colorado mountain peaks, the obstacles were many. The man-made ones, like environmental protests, public hearings and government permits, were conquered. Nature, however, did not seem to share the artist's vision. As the project got under way, 15-knot winds and choppy waters slowed things up considerably. But the rougher the weather got, the more determined became the artist, finally finishing after three days. "It's exhilarating," Christo said to reporters. "You're confronted with the natural elements, human relations and communications. I told my workers they should have more imagination. If they have a problem, they should fantasize how to solve it. That's their creative contribution."

Moore on the policeman's beat

Where there's a benefit, there's always a way to rope in a celebrity between engagements. It's even easier when the event calls for the guest performers to do something a little different to parade their versatility. For **Mary Tyler Moore,** 45, all it took was a request for her to stretch those famous legs and hit the boards in a dance number—calling up talents that kept her in tooth polish long before the *Mary Tyler Moore Show*. And so, hat cocked and collar up, Moore will be joining a smart blue chorus line of New York's Finest later this month for a stage show to benefit **Jacques d'Amboise's** National Dance Institute. A veteran principal dancer of the New York City Ballet, D'Amboise, 48, has long been on an inner-city crusade to get children interested in ballet. He will use New York City police department dancers, six of them, to show smart alecks that dance isn't for sissies any more. That being so, there won't be much trouble picking Moore out of the police lineup.

Pouty sultriness seems to be in high demand these days, and **Debra Winger,** 27, has the pout that everyone touts. Through *Urban Cowboy* and *An Officer and a Gentleman*, her tousled curls and hazel eyes have made her a box-office wonder and an agent's dream. Next up are *Mike's Murder*, due out this fall, and *Terms of Endearment*, now filming in Nebraska, in which she plays the difficult daughter of **Shirley MacLaine,** 49. Early whispers report a battle off-screen as well as on between Winger and MacLaine. The onetime Irma la Douce used to toss off a mean *moue* herself. Could she be jealous of Winger's new gamine eminence? Or are all the ringside rumors coming from loose lips with nothing better to do?

By E. Graydon Carter

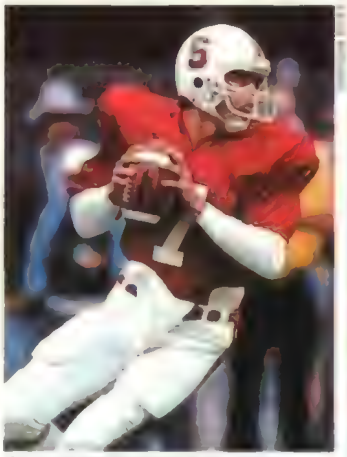
Winger enjoying a quiet moment during a break in the filming of *Terms of Endearment*

Two-Way Elway Gets His Way

The No. 1 N.F.L. pick beats Baltimore with a baseball bat

New York Giants General Manager George Young, a stupendously large man with touchingly weak eyes and a gentle outlook on most things, refers to football players in terms of livestock, as in "The Cincinnati Bengals certainly have the livestock." Since most pro-football people speak this way, it was kind of exciting over the past two weeks when the meat talked back.

Quarterback John Elway of Stanford, the first item up for bid at the National Football League's annual college mart, declined to show his teeth to the Baltimore Colts, who did not win a game last season and therefore had the right to any sirloin in the shop. Herschel Walker, a fullback formerly of Georgia and currently of New Jersey, once spoke of challenging this entitlement in court but never got around to it. Elway, 22, a golden Californiabred whose pedigree is by Johnny Unitas out of Mickey Mantle, had another option: he could play baseball



At work for Stanford in the fall

How well Elway could play was a question, but how well he would be paid was not. The baseball "rights" to Elway belonged to the New York Yankees, who belong to George Steinbrenner, a free spender capable of buying a pennant and everything else on the shelf. And he seems loath to pay less than $1 million for anything. In six weeks of minor league baseball last summer, Class A ball in Oneonta, N.Y., Outfielder Elway batted .318. However, since Class A pitchers seldom throw a curve on purpose, there was naturally some uncertainty about whether Elway could ever be a major league baseball player, much less a star. Regarding his football skills, there is less doubt.

Elway stands 6 ft. 4 in. tall and does not stand still. Even at a perfectly sculpted 202 lbs., say the scouts, he has the footwork of a middleweight boxer. Besides Elway's passing ability, they admire his "escapability," a word with a hint of a shiver in it, evoking images of 280-lb. linemen and broken bones. Still, given his choice, Elway asserted he would never elect baseball as a safer course. In his heart, he was a football player who played baseball on the side, not the other way around.

SUSAN BIDDLE

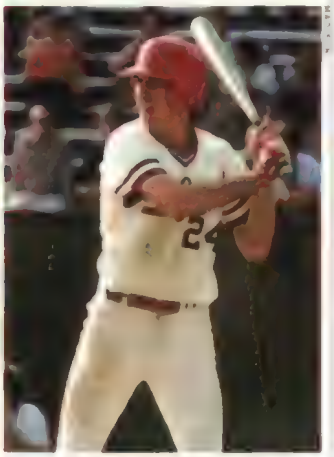
Saying yes to Denver, near enough to the West Coast

Torn between two loves, neither one of them Baltimore.

He was not given his choice, at least not right away. Despite Elway's expressed desire to play on the West Coast, Baltimore stubbornly did not trade the pick to San Diego, Seattle or the Los Angeles Raiders. "I don't want to be a jerk or anything," Elway told Colts Coach Frank Kush, "but we [meaning Elway, his agent Marvin Demoff and his father Jack, the head football coach at San Jose State] have been telling you for three months I'm not going to play in Baltimore." Elway then called a press conference to declare, "Right now, it looks like I'll be playing baseball with the Yankees. [The Colts] knew I held a straight flush and still they called me on it."

Gambling was an embarrassing analogy to Kush, whose No. 1 draft choice of 1982, Ohio State Quarterback Art Schlichter, ran up a reported six-figure tab with bookies and recently turned to the FBI for protection. Going 0-8-1 on the field last year in his first N.F.L. season, Kush is 0-9 this year in the Supreme Court, which decided that he would have to defend himself against charges stemming from a sideline assault case brought by a former punter at Arizona State. That incident four seasons ago ended Kush's prosperous 22-year college coaching career. Probably Elway did not crave Kush's style of discipline.

Even if the coach was the one rejected, the city of Baltimore could not help feeling slurred. That Baltimore now constitutes the N.F.L.'s Black Hole of Calcutta seems rather sad if you know the charms of gritty cities and remember Lenny Moore, Raymond Berry, Jim Parker, Gino Marchetti, Alan Ameche, L.G. ("Long Gone") Dupre, "Big Daddy" Lipscomb and other remarkable players on exceptional Colts teams. "It is nothing but money, greed and selfishness any more," laments former Baltimore Quarterback Johnny Unitas, who never turned down any money but whose first salary in the N.F.L. was $5,000 in 1956



At work for Stanford in the spring

Last week the Colts finally struck a deal with the Denver Broncos: two No. 1 draft choices plus a spare quarterback for the rights to Elway, who signed instantly, for $5 million over five years, with Denver, as close as he could get to the West Coast. The affair ended the way all N.F.L. episodes conclude lately, with Raiders Operator Al Davis claiming a league conspiracy had prevented him from trading for the Elway pick. One thing, though. The sympathy ordinarily felt toward the livestock seemed to go off somewhere else too. No matter how good they are, workaday towns are nobody's No. 1 draft choice. —*By Tom Callahan*

A Halo on a Rainy Derby

Looking all over for a top horse and maybe finding one up north

It is not the fact but the hope of a great horse that stirs people in the rich and romantic industry of Thoroughbred racing. When Sunny's Halo crossed the wire at Churchill Downs last week and won the Kentucky Derby, that was the finish line of the race, but the opening line of the story, the continuing line of a dream. In the weeks before the 109th Derby, when seemingly no two prep races could settle on one three-year-old standout, Sunny's Halo and the rest of his generation were belittled as mediocre. Now he and Desert Wine, who gamely finished second, and maybe even Marfa, who politely came in fifth, will have something to say about that.

From the start of the week to the start of the race, this was the Marfa Derby.

Back-to-Back Winner Delahoussaye aboard Sunny's Halo; at right, Trainer Cross

It was supposed to be the Marfa Derby, but a Canadian colt mugged the Mugger.

The brightest debate and sharpest humor centered on a reckless rogue from California. Handsome and as gray as half past 7 o'clock with a splash of white blaze on his forehead, he went off as a 2-1 favorite. For racing sideways at times, Marfa inspired the nickname of "the Mugger." Even in the post parade leading up to a race, the pony escort is not safe alongside, and neither is the pony girl holding Marfa's bridle. The brute might reach over and savage them. When all 20 Derby horses were in the gate, every pair of binoculars was fixed on the 18th post position to see Marfa crash out.

Though the shiny day had turned forebodingly thunderous just before the race, Marfa bothered the field no more than the rainstorm did Sunny's Halo, who broke second from the tenth position and was never worse than second or first over the entire mile and a quarter. Preoccupied with the promise and problems of this one robust chestnut colt, Trainer David Cross had lost most of his clients this year. He started with 35 horses, ended with just three and did not really blame the defectors. Sunny's Halo's groom and best friend, John ("Top Cat") Sears Jr., said, "It's been him, Dave and me. I rub him, Dave walks him." They both walked him into the winner's circle to a spontaneous chorus of *O Canada*—an unfamiliar sound at Churchill Downs. Not since 1964 (Northern Dancer) had a horse bred in Canada won the Kentucky Derby, and he is the first winner to prepare successfully at the Arkansas Derby in Hot Springs. Canada's best two-year-old in 1982, Sunny's Halo won that one easily just three weeks before his victory in Louisville.

Eddie Delahoussaye, only the fourth jockey ever to ride back-to-back Kentucky Derby winners, patted Sunny's Halo's neck just as he had Gato del Sol's last year: two terrific horses. Ten years ago exactly, Secretariat spoiled horses for people. When he romped around the track, the trees swayed. A showy chestnut with three white stockings, he made it necessary to reissue Writer Joe Palmer's perfect description of Man o' War: "As near to a living flame as horses ever get." Actually, Secretariat came to the Kentucky Derby off a defeat. But by the time he had won the Derby, the Preakness and—by the length of a football field—the Belmont Stakes, that was forgotten. Racing had gone 25 years between Triple Crowns, making the feat seem mystical. Then, at a gallop, came Triple Crown Winners Seattle Slew (1977) and Affirmed (1978), and other demonstrably splendid horses of the '70s: Spectacular Bid, Alydar, Ruffian.

Now the fashion of the '80s is not to wait past May to sniff that none of these goats is Secretariat. It is quite enough to be Sunny's Halo. —*T.C.*

Milestones

SEEKING DIVORCE. Patti McGuire Connors, 31, *Playboy's* 1977 Playmate of the Year; from **Jimmy Connors,** 30, comeback king of tennis who last year won both Wimbledon and the U.S. Open for the first time since 1974; after four years of marriage, one child; in Miami. Patti's suit asks for custody of Son Brett David, 3, use of the couple's pricey North Miami Beach condominium, and abrogation of a prenuptial agreement limiting any divorce settlement to $250,000.

SENTENCED. Juan María Fernández y Krohn, 33, Spanish priest of an archtraditionalist Roman Catholic faction who last May attempted to kill Pope John Paul II with a bayonet at Portugal's Shrine of Our Lady of Fátima; to seven years and one month in prison; in Vila Nova de Ourém, Portugal. The term includes seven months for contempt of court for disrupting his trial. At his sentencing he shouted, "Puppets! Assassins! Communists!" at his judges.

DIED. Norm Van Brocklin, 57, combative quarterback who during his twelve-year (1949-60) pro career led the Los Angeles Rams and the Philadelphia Eagles to National Football League championships; of a heart attack; in Monroe, Ga. A cool playmaker despite his hot temper, the "Dutchman" in a 1957 game completed 27 passes for 554 yds., a record that still stands. After his final playing season, he became the coach of the newly formed Minnesota Vikings, and later of the Atlanta Falcons, compiling respectable if losing records.

DIED. Ernesto de la Guardia, 78, President of Panama from 1956 to 1960; in Panama City. The target of the first liberation campaign sponsored by Cuba's Fidel Castro, De la Guardia in 1959 invoked the Rio Treaty, calling on his neighbors to help repel the threat. The "invaders" turned out to be a comic-opera troupe of adventurers who had been recruited by De la Guardia's chief political rival, Roberto Arias, and his wife Ballerina Margot Fonteyn. As the coup fizzled, Arias fled, Fonteyn was arrested, and the Cubans, repudiated by Castro, were induced to surrender by a delegation from the Organization of American States.

DIED. Joel Hildebrand, 101, distinguished chemist and faculty member of the University of California at Berkeley for 69 years, where some 40,000 students took his first-year chemistry courses; in Kensington, Calif. His scientific research included discoveries about the absorption of gas into liquids under pressure that led to ways of protecting deep-sea divers from the bends. Hildebrand officially retired in 1952, but continued to teach graduate students, conduct research and write until a few months ago. "Brains are not such a drag on the market," he said, "that they should be deactivated prematurely."

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Toughen Up

U.S. schools must improve

Concern about the quality of public education in the U.S. continues to grow. Last week two more prestigious groups issued critical reports. "We have expected too little of our schools over the past two decades—and we have gotten too little," declared the National Task Force on Education for Economic Growth, a group of 41 Governors and top corporate executives led by North Carolina Democratic Governor James Hunt. Summed up the report: "Our success as a nation will depend on our ability to improve education and training for millions of individual citizens." The findings echoed the conclusions of a report released two weeks ago by the National Commission on Excellence in Education.

The main recommendation of Hunt's task force was that each Governor draw on leaders in many fields "to develop an action plan to improve education in the state's schools—in all grades." This key point ran contrary to the main thesis of a study by the Twentieth Century Fund, also released last week, which called for the Federal Government to take the lead in improving U.S. schools. Declared the fund: "The Federal Government, after all, is charged with providing for the security and well-being of our democratic society, which rest largely on a strong and competent system of public education."

Both reports emphasized the need to improve the teaching of mathematics and the sciences and the importance of attracting and keeping good teachers in public schools. The two reports also addressed the need to modify the traditional approach of paying teachers on the basis of seniority and advanced degrees by making merit a factor in compensation. The Twentieth Century proposal would have the Federal Government annually award a bonus as high as $40,000 to qualified teachers, with the aim of making public school pay competitive with that of private enterprise. Within five years, the fund would like as many as 10,000 teachers to be receiving bonuses. Hunt's group recommended "better pay for all teachers and a good deal more for the really excellent teachers."

Governor Hunt

Traditionally, unions have opposed the concept of merit pay for certain teachers because of the danger of favoritism. But Albert Shanker, president of the American Federation of Teachers, says, "If it is possible to introduce performance-based salaries without demoralizing teachers, I would be the first one to jump up and say hurrah."

The Twentieth Century Fund also opposed federal funding of bilingual education, in which a student is taught academic subjects in his native language until he can master English. The concept's opponents claim the process slows down students' learning of English. President Reagan, who opposes the bilingual approach, approved cutting such programs from $167 million in fiscal 1981 to $138 million last year. The fund recommended that federal grants be spent instead on teaching non-English-speaking children to speak, read and write English. "Although this nation has become more aware of the value of ethnic identities, anyone living in the U.S. who is unable to speak English cannot fully participate in our society."

Nor, both reports made clear, can anyone who has not had a solid education. ■

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Theater

Skyscraper and Swizzle Stick

MY ONE AND ONLY *Music by George Gershwin; Lyrics by Ira Gershwin*
Staged and Choreographed by Thommie Walsh and Tommy Tune

Tommy Tune makes his entrance in *My One and Only* dangling from the harness of a parachute. In the modern Broadway musical, that kind of stunt has become standard. Sleights of hand and eye dominate such shows as *Cats, Dreamgirls, Nine* and *Merlin*. Like *My One and Only*, these musicals are not more than sheen-deep. Spectacle swamps substance, testifying to T.S. Eliot's verdict that modern man longs to be "distracted from distraction by distraction."

Rather less than distracting is the '20s boy-meets-loses-gets-girl plot line concocted by Peter Stone and Timothy S Mayer. Captain Billy Buck Chandler (Tune) is a daredevil aviator who wants to cross the Atlantic nonstop, and his light-of-love (Twiggy) is a world-famous English Channel swimmer. If you want to know how this goofy cardboard comedy romance comes out, see any silent movie containing a bogus Russian prince (played here by Bruce McGill)

As a skyscraper and swizzle-stick song-and-dance duo, Tune and Twiggy are engaging without ever being electrifying. He seems more in love with his feet and she with her flapper finery than either is with the other. Twiggy's plaintively torchy renditions of *Nice Work If You Can Get It* and *Boy Wanted* surpass any of Tune's singing, though the pair's shallow-pool splash-dance together in *'S Wonderful* reconfirms Tune's inalienably inventive choreography

Lifting songs from the original Gershwin musicals *(Funny Face, He Loves and She Loves, Strike Up the Band)* is divine pilferage. For a tap-dance addict, the evening will prove an opium den of delight. Bravo to Charles ("Honi") Coles for his elegant finesse. Unfortunately, as a gauge of the current state of the U.S. musical, *My One and Only* inhales adrenaline and exhales formaldehyde. —**By T.E. Kalem**

■ ■ ■

Question: Why did the troubled Taylor-Burton play, *Private Lives*, have difficulty finding a new director? Answer: Because all of them were busy saving *My One and Only*. The Broadway insider's joke is hardly an exaggeration. Last winter the $4.5 million musical was rumored to be a walking (and tap-dancing) catastrophe. Still, there have been many shows that escaped flop status with last-minute resuscitation: among them *Hello, Dolly!*, the 1971 version of *No, No, Nanette* and *Sophisticated Ladies*. So an extraordinary number of show doctors were brought in by the desperately optimistic producers. Five directors, two writers and a battalion of lighting, costume, music and dance veterans labored for three months, cutting songs and characters, changing steps and altering sets. Among the paramedics: Director Mike Nichols, Director Michael Bennett *(A Chorus Line)*, Tony-winning Writer Peter Stone *(Woman of the Year)*, veteran Music Director Jack Lee, Orchestrator Michael Gibson and Arranger Wally Harper, who has worked on musicals from *Brigadoon* to *Nine*.

A shallow pool gives Tommy Tune and Twiggy a chance to display some splashy agility
The words of T.S. Eliot reign: "Distracted from distraction by distraction."

It is hard to believe that the show was once the vision of two men only Two years ago, Director and Choreographer Tommy Tune, 44 *(The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas, Nine)*, felt like again slipping into his Broadway dancing shoes, empty since his sensational performance in *Seesaw* (1973). Director Peter Sellars, 25, a Harvard *Wunderkind*, who once set Handel's opera *Orlando* in the Kennedy Space Center, wanted to direct a major musical. The collaboration seemed promising: Tune would supply award-winning savvy and Sellars would contribute fresh ideas.

The 6-ft. 6-in. Texan and the pixieish Sellars agreed on a souped-up version of the 1927 Gershwin musical *Funny Face*. When rehearsals began, however, Tune's slick professionalism and Sellars' loopy intellectualism clashed. A ponderous script by Writer Timothy Mayer subordinated a romance between Tune and Co-Star Twiggy to muddy monologues on the rise of corporations, the liberation of women and the life of Black Nationalist Marcus Garvey. The sets were complicated Russian constructivist art.

Tune suffered these extravagances in silence. But his frequent collaborator, Choreographer Thommie Walsh, said, "They were all sensational ideas, but in a two-hour musical? Let's get on with the singing and dancing." Paramount Theater Productions, which had invested more than $2 million in the show, agreed, and Sellars, who had just been awarded a five-year "genius" grant by the MacArthur Foundation, was fired. His summary: "It was the forces of Brecht against the forces of *The Pajama Game*."

The new boss: Tune himself, assisted by Mike Nichols. On breaks from editing his new film, *Silkwood*, Nichols excised one role, two songs and an hour of running time. He later mused: "What it needed was to be commercialized, yes, vulgarized—if that's Broadwayizing, then so be it." Tryout performances in Boston, however, remained so disjointed that Tune made curtain-call explanations to audiences: "The parts that don't make sense to you don't make sense to us either. That's why we're in Boston."

Now that ticket sales are brisk and daily reviews generally kind to stars and choreography, Tune is singing different lyrics. On the eve of the Broadway opening, he burbled, "The show itself is a metaphor for America. There is a drive to this country, an energy, a fearlessness that is really inspiring." Perhaps Tune prefers to forget the long list of helpers, but Writer Peter Stone has not. "We have this image," he jokes, "that we'll get the Tony, and when they announce it, the whole audience will get up and go on the stage to get it." ■

Lord Larry's Crowning Triumph

King Lear *at the Museum of Broadcasting in New York City*

Laurence Olivier stood in the wings of Lincoln Center's Avery Fisher Hall waiting to receive the acclaim of 2,500 New Yorkers who had gathered two weeks ago to celebrate his 53 years of achievement in the movies. Olivier is a frail 75 now, and his body has played grudging host to enough illnesses to wipe out the entire Royal Shakespeare Company. So backstagers looked on with pain but not surprise as he momentarily lost his balance and slumped against the doorway. Then the crowd rose, and with it the applause. Olivier took his cue and went out onstage. Suddenly he was the dashing Lord Larry, energized by the spotlight, alive to the theatrical moment, mesmerizing one more audience. Like Tinker Bell, he heard the clapping and came to life again.

Taking a curtain call is one thing; tackling Shakespeare's fieriest monarch is another. So for Olivier to test himself against *King Lear*—as he did last fall for Britain's Granada Television, in a program showing exclusively in the U.S. through mid-June at the Museum of Broadcasting in Manhattan—is less a professional challenge than an act of reckless physical courage. This recklessness has become something of a habit with Olivier. A sense of danger, athletic as well as emotive, has often been at the heart of his Shakespearean performances. His Romeo (1935) clambered up to his fair lady's balcony in record time; his Hamlet (1947) leaped from a 14-ft. balcony to wrestle with Laertes; his Coriolanus (1959) executed a horrendous, death-daring fall. Inside this theatrical peer, the spirit of a Douglas Fairbanks was always bounding to get out.

Lear, at "four score and upward," requires no such exploits, but in this production he must ride a horse, swing heavy swords, be bucketed with 900 gal. of water, go shirtless, eviscerate and eat a rabbit. With the grip of mortality shortening every Olivier breath, each gesture can seem heroic, each line he utters a precious gift from the depleting stock of his time. But there are reasons beyond enlightened sentimentality to treasure this *Lear*. To support him Olivier has assembled an actors' aristocracy: Diana Rigg and Dorothy Tutin as Lear's treacherous daughters Regan and Goneril, Colin Blakely as the faithful Kent, John Hurt as Lear's Fool, Leo McKern as old Gloucester, David Threlfall (Smike in the R.S.C.'s *Nicholas Nickleby*) as Gloucester's loving son Edgar. Olivier has pruned the text significantly but fairly, tightening the action like a noose of family ties around the two patriarchs' necks. Most important, through cunning, craft and sheer force of will, Olivier has scaled the greatness of this role.

At a mere 2 hr. 40 min., this is tragedy driven at the gallop of melodrama. Brother fights brother to the death; the elder sisters are condemned by their lusts for sex and power; and father sets off fatal rivalries by waving the promise of a legacy before his children. On one level the play is a Dark Ages horror show, with eye gouging, self-mutilation, broadswords creasing legs and dull stakes piercing the heart. On the crucial level, *Lear* is an eloquent essay on madness: it finds the logic of poetry on those stormy heaths where every character capable of regeneration seizes it. There, Nature reverses hierarchies: only the blind Gloucester can "see feelingly," his disowned child proves himself a prince, the uncrowned Lear fills out the measure of majesty.

Olivier as king and Blakely as Kent in Granada TV's *King Lear*

Less professional challenge than reckless physical courage.

Olivier first attempted the king in 1946, more than half a lifetime ago, filching the assignment from under the nose of his co-director of London's Old Vic Theater Company, Ralph Richardson. In perverse retaliation, Sir Ralph never did bring his maundering grandeur to a role he could still play to perfection. Olivier is a shameless romantic of the 19th century, seeking magic in excess. The capacious bag of actors' tricks is there to be plundered. His Lear will roll his eyes, giggle like a naughty child, sniffle and foam in his "mad" scenes. Early in the play Olivier almost convinces that age has domesticated his talent, but once on the heath he becomes regal, extending his height and breadth, flexing the strong cords in his neck to trumpet his rage, shaping his surprising strengths to the outsize demands of the role.

And at the end, Olivier makes sepulchral music, unheard before, out of Lear's last indelible lines. He enters carrying his daughter Cordelia (Anna Calder-Marshall), and "Howl, howl, howl, howoooo!" The sound begins as human language and ends in a wolf wail; the king is only a man, and man an animal frightened by the encroaching night. Then he bends over Cordelia and realizes she is dead. He whispers, "Never." Louder: "Never." A bold bellow: "Never!" A pathetic plea to heaven: "Never?" A final quiet reconciliation to despair: "Never." The lunatic vitality that came to him on the heath has seeped away. A kind of reason is his now, an awareness of man's vulnerability and of death.

The Olivier *Lear* is not only Olivier. There are marvelous performances: from stalwart Blakely, from the doggedly magnificent McKern, from Rigg, sleek and quick as tempered steel, and from Tutin, no longer wearing the "brow of youth" but still a beautiful, commanding presence. There are a few misfires in Michael Elliott's handsome production: Hurt's Fool is too fey, and Threlfall plays Edgar as another Smike, all wheeze and froth.

Just now, the program, broadcast in Britain five weeks ago, is up for bids in the U.S. There may be some resistance to the asking price (more than $1 million) from financially strapped culture outlets like PBS. And the moguls at the networks may prove to be no more hospitable to this Lear than were Regan and Goneril. Still, one hopes that some American TV system will allow the spotlight to shine once more on Lord Larry—and to illuminate us.

—By Richard Corliss

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Doing History as Light Opera

In New York, the overblown parodies of Italy's Sandro Chia

At 37, Sandro Chia, whose show of paintings and bronzes opened last week at the Leo Castelli gallery in New York's SoHo district, is the most promising of the artists who have emerged from Italy in the past few years, floating to New York City like *putti* on roseate, gaseous clouds of hype. Because they share the same initial and transplanted nationality, Chia, Enzo Cucchi, 32, and Francesco Clemente, 31, tend to be bracketed together as the "three Cs." In fact they are very different painters. Chia's light-operatic gifts have little in common with Cucchi's mucky, doom-laden earnestness: apoplectic chickens and mud slides in the cemetery, done in umber and black two inches thick. Nor does he seem a forced talent like Clemente, a glib draftsman whose "expressive" pictorial rhetoric is stretched paper thin to cover a paucity of formal skills. (Ah, to be young, overrated and in the Big Apple!)

Along with an assortment of German neoexpressionists and many others besides, the three Italians were packaged in a sonorous phrase by a Roman critic: *la transavanguardia*, or the "trans-avant-garde." This clot of art jargon, like "post-modernism," means nothing definable. It merely points to a mood of eclectic revivalism, the assumption being that since progress in art is a myth, painting must perforce go crabwise, with many nostalgic glances backward. Under such a vague rubric, Chia looks a very apposite painter. Granted, neither he nor his fellow *transavanguardisti* get anywhere near the best German art of this generation, epitomized by the grim, magnificently redemptive visions of Anselm Kiefer, 38. Yet it is better to lack the tragic sense than to fake it. If an artist like Kiefer can uncover the sublimated debris of Nazism, one like Chia can do history as comedy, positing his style on the mannerisms of Italian art in the Fascist period. He has an acutely caricatural sense of conventions and some sophistication about how to create a surface. Neither is fully deployed, however, in his present show.

Chia's originality is more notional than real. It depends on the unfamiliarity of the sources he adroitly quotes. How many people in America have heard of, let alone seen, the work of Ottone Rosai (1895-1957), a Florentine painter whose roly-poly figures were part of a conservative reaction against Italian futurism in the 1920s? Chia has, and his rotund bodies—thighs like boiled ham, buttocks like blimps, coal-heaver arms—are straight out of Rosai, though bigger and endowed with a crustier decorative surface.

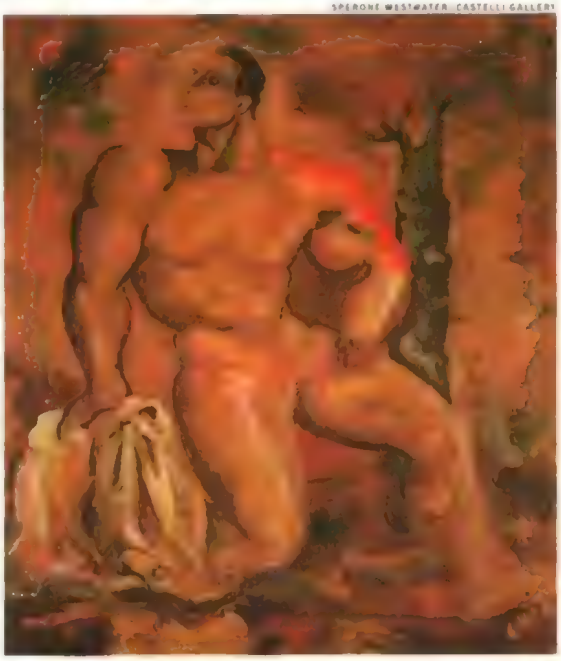
The artist at work in his Manhattan studio

In the same way, Chia alludes to De Chirico (not the prewar master of strange, oneiric cityscapes, but the De Chirico of the 1930s, with his kitschy antique pretensions) and, more reconditely, to the paintings of De Chirico's brother, who took the name Alberto Savinio. With tongue in cheek, Chia has assembled a whole secondhand wardrobe of classical nostalgia: a painting like *Figures with Flag and Flute*, 1983, with its bearded sage listening to the pipings of a young musician amid the rubble of some temple, thus manages to be both knowing and undemanding. It evokes complicity: artist and viewer share their camp enjoyment of a dead language.

One of the reasons for Chia's popularity may be that he persuades his viewers that they are just a bit erudite without taxing them with art-historical demands. If those padded boys and dropsical nymphs, dreamily enacting their parodies of Arcadian life, were to assume the demanding criticality of real classical art, it would seem like a breach of etiquette. If the absurd athlete without genitals in *Young Man with Red Arm*, 1983, a descendant of Mussolinian strength-through-joy nudes and post office murals from Turin to Ladispoli, were to become credible, he would be threatening. But no such thing happens. Chia has figured how to take authoritarian images and render them cuddly, defusing their latent political content. All heroes are organ-grinders. Everything looks so ebullient, juicy, operatic and harmless that non-Italians consider it "typically Italian," like a painted cart or a singing gondolier. Nothing menaces. When Chia paints a crocodile, you suspect that the model was a handbag.

There are times when his work transcends this innate cuteness, when the pressure of quotation builds up into poetry, or when some underlying theme of his preoccupations (usually the conflict between paternal authority and lunky adolescent waywardness) catches fire. At his best he is capable of flights of lyrical painting: *Melancholic Camping*, 1982, a strange and complicated vista of De Chirican tents pressing in on a tiny figure with rabbit ears, was one of the surprises of the past year in SoHo.

No work of that quality is in this show. Castelli's huge, white, museum-like walls seem to cause painters to inflate like blowfish under stress. Chia ends up painting so big that his parodies of "heroic" figure paintings cease to be parody. They look stodgy and overblown. The drawing is sometimes woebegone, particularly when he does "homages" to Tintoretto in the form of a pair of walrus-like nudes adrift in a sea of greeny-blue wiggles. The sculpture, fussy in surface and ponderously lumpy in volume, is a waste of bronze. In short, it is time to retrench; if this show turns out not to be a passing phase, a minor artist will be in major difficulty. —By Robert Hughes



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To Jerusalem and Back and Forth

PILGERMANN *by Russell Hoban; Summit; 240 pages; $13.95*

During a pogrom in the dark heart of medieval Europe, a young Jewish man is castrated for having seduced the local tax collector's wife. Through his agony, he hears a voice telling him to go to Jerusalem. It is a popular idea. Half the world seems headed in the same direction, whipped by Pope Urban II into the frenzy that will later be called the First Crusade. The maimed pilgrim boards a ship at Genoa and then finds his progress stalled. He is captured by pirates and put up for sale at a slave market in Tripoli. His purchaser, a wealthy Turkish merchant, immediately negotiates his freedom and brings him home in friendship to Antioch, that unfortunate city whose destiny lies between the Crusaders and their goal. Looking out at the tents of the besieging armies, the German Jew reflects on the oddity of his position: "I stand on this wall built by a Roman emperor and keep watch on the Franks with a Turkish bow in my hand." He dies on a night in June 1098, when the soldiers of Christ sweep into the betrayed fortress.

Such, except for the unsexed hero, is the stuff of rousing historical fiction. *Pilgermann* is that and several other things as well. In *Riddley Walker* (1981), his fourth novel, Russell Hoban proved himself a master of the unexpected viewpoint. He imagined life several millenniums after a nuclear holocaust and then invented the debased, fragmented language that survivors might use to rebuild their civilization. This time, Hoban's English is normal, but his speaker-protagonist is not. He introduces himself. "Pilgermann here. I call myself Pilgermann, it's a convenience. What my name was when I was walking around in the shape of a man I don't know, I simply can't remember. What I am now is waves and particles. I don't need to walk around. I just go. When I want to appear I turn up as an owl."

This disembodied voice is speaking in the present tense, now, late in the 20th century, a contemporary witness to old deeds. Hoban invents a spokesman for an entire epoch, one who has not only suffered the mutilation and death of his body but has consciously endured some of the awful burdens of history since those events: "I am a microscopic chip in that vast circuitry in which are recorded all of the variations and permutations thus far. Not all of my experience is available for recall by my Pilgermann identity, only that in which the energy of the input was above a certain level." His memory is random access; he is a computer part that has survived everything, including the First Crusade.

Such a cosmic perspective is broadly audacious, and Hoban's Pilgermann enthusiastically embraces the challenge. He tells what happened to him during his physical stay on earth; he also wants to explain why and to speculate on whether he had any choice in the matter. He knows that his troubles began when he entered the upper-floor bedroom window of Sophia, the tax collector's beautiful wife. Deprived of his manhood in consequence, he debates with his Creator: "O God! Why cannot I speak with a pure heart? I have done wrong and I know it, but how could you put Sophia into the world and expect me not to do wrong? It would be an insult to your creation not to climb ladders for that woman."

Russell Hoban: mastering unexpected views

Pilgermann's theological musings almost always revolve around paradoxes. For example: "If God has not the power to understand everything he is not omniscient, and equally if he has not the power to create something beyond his understanding he is not omnipotent." It is extremely difficult to say anything original about such metaphysical matters, and Pilgermann does not. As a theologian, he tends toward the tedious. But the quality of his ideas is less important than the restless energy of the mind that forms them. He is trying to grasp what cannot be known. His aim is not to pursue a single train of logic or evidence but to make sense of the universe that contains him. He is not a thinker but an artist.

His tale burns brightest in its succession of images: "It was that sort of a hot still day when one seems particularly to hear the buzzing of flies." A picture from doomed Antioch: "As the sun ascends the morning shadow of the eastern slopes of Silpius withdraws from the city like a transparent purple robe trailed across a floor." Because he still lives as a glitch in the cosmos, Pilgermann can play telescopic tricks with space and time. He remembers the rituals of Passover, the precautionary striking of the side posts and lintels of Jewish dwellings, and makes a leap: "The spattering drops of blood fan slowly, slowly out, out, out, the drops of blood become the stars. Far and frozen the luminous drops of burning blood, far and frozen, drifting ever wider, wider, wider."

In the end, Pilgermann does live, both as a character in a vivid moment of the historical past and as a living, questing spirit. Hoban successfully creates a pilgrim who once traveled and who has not stopped. His novel is not an easy read, only a fascinating and rewarding one. —*By Paul Gray*

Excerpt

"Well do we know that in each of us lives a skeleton that waits for the flesh to die, there is an absence waiting for the presence to depart—but a great city! A city like Antioch! As Pilgermann the owl I fly over it now and it looks like nothing really, it has retreated from its medieval boundaries, it has shrunk and dwindled, it has huddled itself together, has drawn back from the vaunt of its greatness and the largeness of its history, it is like a swimmer who has struggled barely alive out of a raging torrent and does not enter the water again. No, I think as I look down on this place that is so small, so diminished, so unspecial, this is not Antioch: Antioch was days and nights of vivid action, Antioch was a paradigm of history on which at one time and another every kind of thinker and doer, every kind of greatness and smallness jostled together and shouldered and elbowed their way through all the lights and resonances and colors, all the smells and flavors and motion of endless variations of circumstance and event in a large and crowded arena. In a particular time people fought and lived and died for particular things; now it is small, now it is quiet."

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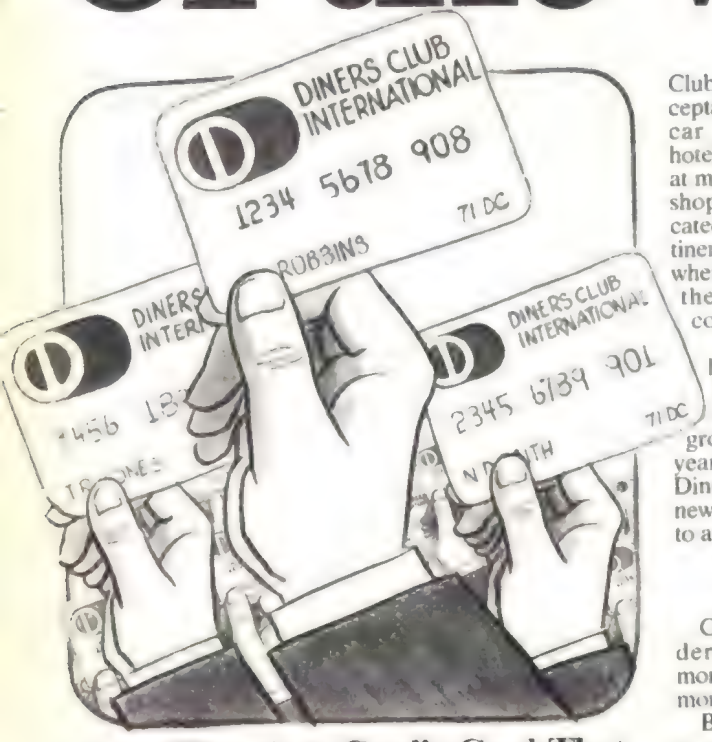

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SISTER AGE
by M.F.K. Fisher
243 pages; Knopf; $12.95

In *The Gastronomical Me*, the 1943 book that established Mary Frances Kennedy Fisher as America's most inspired food writer, the author hinted at loftier intentions. People often asked her, she said, why she wrote about eating and drinking. In answer, she conceded that she was hungry, "like most other humans." But there was more: "It seems to me that our three basic needs, for food and security and love, are so mixed that we cannot straightly think of one without the others. So it happens that when I write of hunger, I am really writing about love and the hunger for it, and warmth and the love of it, and it is all one."

Although M.F.K. Fisher continued to write books on food in the ensuing decades, she made the passage from *haute cuisine* to the high art of fiction. *Sister Age* is Fisher's 17th book and her first full-scale collection of stories. The tales are loosely connected by a single theme, getting old. In a foreword, the 74-year-old author confides that for almost half a century she has been keeping notes on the art of aging, observing the ways

M.F.K. Fisher
Mixing food, security and love

that people cope with the advancing years.

One of her most touching stories is situated in her home town of Whittier, Calif., and concerns a little girl's awakening to the dolor and the death of the very old. France is the scene of other tales, just as it has been the setting for much of Fisher's own adult life. The collection's finest piece, *The Oldest Man*, is about an American woman's visit to a stern, mountainous region called the Massif Central, where a centenarian and his septuagenarian son have their ancestral home. As always, the author's observations of local landscape, weather, architecture and gastronomical specialties (in this case, Roquefort) are as keen and winning as her insights into her characters. Most engaging is the 100-year-old Pépé, who after meals recites obscure La Fontaine fables and sings joyously while his lone tooth shines "unashamedly in his strong ancient face."

Remarkably few tears are shed in *Sister Age*, but those that fall linger in the memory. In *Moment of Wisdom*, a tired, frail old man, as "dry as a ditch weed," comes calling at the homestead outside Whittier with Bibles for sale. The twelve-year-old girl who answers the door refuses a Bible but offers a glass of water. As the old man walks away, the child is astonished to find her eyes filling up. She thinks: "If I could have given him something of mine . . . If I had next week's allowance and had not spent this week's on three Cherry Flips."

In this, as in other stories, Fisher has proved to be a true and worthy descendant of Jean Anthelme Brillat-Savarin, the great 19th century French epicure whose classic *The Physiology of Taste* Fisher lovingly translated in 1949. "Gastronomy rules all life," he wrote. "The newborn baby's tears demand the nurse's breast, and the dying man receives, with some pleasure, the last cooling drink."

—*By Patricia Blake*

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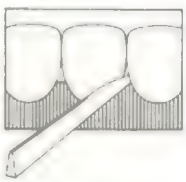

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Daddy's Girl

A PRIVATE VIEW
by Irene Mayer Selznick
Knopf; 384 pages; $16.95

Early in this star-strewn memoir, Irene Mayer Selznick recalls one of the many admonitions that she heard from her father, the second M of MGM, Louis B. Mayer: "You can't run a house if you don't know how to cook. Your cook will have no respect for you." Years later, separated from David O. Selznick and temporarily cookless in a Manhattan apartment, L.B.'s daughter comes home to a ghastly vision of uncooked poultry in the refrigerator and the realization that "I had never touched a raw chicken."

Sometimes it is hard to take Irene Selznick too seriously—but only sometimes. *A Private View* is the story of how a bright, spunky tomboy from a beach-front house in Santa Monica surmounted advantages and an insufferable marriage to become independent and a successful Broadway producer. Only a hopeless churl could fail to see that behind the privilege and luxury is a woman of uncommon perseverance and good sense.

Ex-Husband David, the late moviemaker best known for *Gone With the Wind*, is treated with sympathy but still comes off as a monument to destructive compulsions and self-indulgence. Much of his legendary energy appears to have come from a vial of Benzedrine; his lavish spending distracted his attention from huge gambling debts; he was always late, and misspent his time writing gratuitous memos on rolls of two-inch-wide paper that snaked across his desk.

The author married Selznick in 1930 and assures us that until then, David's father put him to bed nightly. The Mayers and Selznicks were among Hollywood's pilgrim families, and to judge from Irene Selznick's recollection, her father was its Cotton Mather. He preached the doctrine of sound business practices, quality without ostentation and respectability. The best parts of *A Private View* deal with the 20s, when moguls were old-fashioned family men who made sure that their values got into their pictures. Selznick gracefully catches the small-town quality about the Hollywood of her childhood. Readers with a sociological eye may detect the beginnings of the suburban style (commuters, private clubs, recreational wardrobes) that would spread decades later.

Scores of famous names flutter effortlessly from Selznick's pages: Anita Loos, Irving Thalberg, Sam Goldwyn, Janet Gaynor, Katharine Hepburn, Ingrid Bergman, Greta Garbo and Uncle William, known at the office as Mr. Hearst. Banker-Politician Averell Harriman coached her in bridge and croquet, and Howard Hughes wanted her to be his "woman friend" because, as Go-Between Cary Grant suggested, she was a "tested product."

Irene Mayer Selznick (1947)
From Gone With the Wind *to* Streetcar.

The tests are not specified, though Selznick surely could have passed trials in patience, level-headedness and dependability. These attributes were severely stretched during her life with David, notably just after his father's death when he departed for a lively wake while Irene was left with the funeral arrangements.

Her organizational abilities were better appreciated on Broadway, where she produced *A Streetcar Named Desire*, among other plays. The New York stage chapters are perfunctory. Anecdotes, like Marlon Brando's fixing Tennessee Williams' plumbing, are sandwiched among routine theater business, tributes to friends and expressions of satisfaction. Missing are the two difficult men, father and former husband, who tempered the author's character and gave emotional texture to the earlier chapters. Having a life turn out well is a blessing, but conflict nearly always makes better copy than contentment. —*By R.Z. Sheppard*

Tough Old E

THIS IS THE CHILD
by Terry Pringle
Knopf; 194 pages; $13.95

"Grief fills the room up of my absent child,/ Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me./ . . . Remembers me of all his gracious parts,/ Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form."

Shakespeare's recollection of a dead son in *King John* echoes through the literary works of grieving authors, from John Gunther's *Death Be Not Proud* (1953) to Mary-Lou Weisman's *Intensive Care: A Family Love Story* (1982). Books about children struck down by disease seem to constitute a genre; by now the reader should be inured. Yet some of those memoirs still have the power to move

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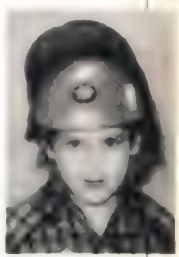
Books

This Is the Child is all the more powerful for its lack of calculation. Terry Pringle writes about his son's battle against leukemia with unadorned honesty. In 1980 Pringle, an Abilene, Texas, insurance claims adjuster, his wife Brenda and their two sons, Michael, 6, and Eric, 4, are plucked from their ordinary lives of *Star Wars*, shopping malls and Sunday school. In Houston's huge and hectic Texas Children's Hospital, Eric, comforted by a Han Solo toy, endures daily blood drawings from his hands, spinal taps, radiation and chemotherapy. Although ravaged by treatment, the boy adapts better than his father. "His stomach protruding, his head bald," writes the horrified Pringle, "he now believes he looks just like his grandfather."

Pringle can handle most of the deficiencies of modern medicine: indifferent nurses, inept interns and medical students who observe a parent-doctor conference "like bright-eyed evaluators for a game show." But the bureaucracy is unendurable: "I feel like an immigrant unable to get through customs." Listening to Eric as he receives injections, Pringle writes, "My child shouldn't be stuck and made to scream. We have lost control."

At home during a remission, Eric seals a special bond with his father. Each evening they visit a nearly empty mall because Eric must be isolated against infection. There they window-shop and occasionally play Space Invaders. Pringle gives Eric's medicine a personality. Vincristine, a derivative of the periwinkle plant that is responsible for Eric's baldness, is dubbed "Sheriff Pete Periwinkle," aiming to outdraw the bad blood cells. But the sheriff loses, and the pain returns with a shock: "This five-year-old is no longer protected, and he knows it." When Pringle confesses that he cannot look at the excruciating bone-marrow aspiration procedure, the child becomes father to the man. "Next time," Eric orders, "you watch."



Eric Pringle

The end comes without recriminations. Pringle offers his son a poignant farewell. "Because it seems important that even a child should leave a legacy, I say, 'Everybody I know talks about how tough old E is.'" Eric responds with resolve in his last hours. "Suddenly this depleted child is furious, twisting and jerking in my arms. 'I can't hold my breath. I can't, I can't.' 'Who's telling you to hold your breath?' I ask. 'God,' he says simply."

Pringle has balanced his account perfectly. He employs neither sympathy-card sentimentality nor gruesome close-up. At its core, *This Is the Child* offers a truth as simple—and tenacious—as the child himself: love, even doomed love, is damned hard work. —*By J.D. Reed*

Robert Maynard and associates, including Shirley Temple Black, left, announce the purchase

Casting Off the Chain

Gannett sells the Oakland Tribune *to its black publisher*

For scores of America's locally owned newspapers, death and estate taxes have led to another apparent inevitability: sale to a chain. Last week, however, the 109-year-old Oakland (Calif.) *Tribune* (circ. 174,000) reversed the trend. Gannett, the nation's biggest newspaper group (86 dailies), sold the money-losing *Tribune* to Journalist Robert Maynard, 45, who is, like 47% of Oakland's residents, black. Said Gannett Chairman Allen Neuharth: "We had other prospective buyers, but we felt it desirable for the community to have a dedicated local owner."

New Owner Maynard has been at the *Tribune* as editor since 1979 and publisher since 1981. He believes he is the first black to hold any of his positions at a large metropolitan daily with a primarily (62%) white readership. But he dismisses his ground-breaking status as "one of the world's more boring statistics." Says he: "The issue is the quality of

the paper, not the color of the executive."

One of California's most influential papers during the 62 years it belonged to the family of the late Republican Senate Leader William F. Knowland, the *Tribune* slipped along with its city in the 1960s and 1970s. Maynard broadened sports and business coverage and gave the paper visibility with four "blockbuster" reports of at least ten pages each on gritty urban problems: jobs, schools, drugs and murder.

Maynard bought the *Tribune* without putting up any cash. The $22 million price, steep for a paper that lost $3 million last year, came entirely from loans, $17 million from Gannett. The chain's generosity was prompted in part by a federal antitrust regulation that prevented it from owning both the paper and a San Francisco TV station, KRON, which Gannett had avidly pursued. Says Maynard: "Gannett's position could have been stronger."

Maynard holds 79% of the paper's stock; the rest belongs to Los Angeles Attorney Paul Greenberg, a vice president at San Francisco's Shaklee Corp., who negotiated the deal. Directors include Maynard's wife, Journalist Nancy Hicks; Author Alex Haley (*Roots*); and former Movie Star and Ambassador Shirley Temple Black, who is a close friend of Maynard's.

The paper's six unions have agreed to a wage freeze until July 1984, a subsequent 6% cap on annual raises through mid-1988 and reduction of the total staff from 950 to 910, mostly through attrition. But to return the paper to profitability, Maynard says, he must boost classified advertising, take advantage of the renaissance of Oakland's business district and fatten circulation in the city's affluent white suburbs, which supply 142,000 readers to the cross-bay San Francisco papers, the *Chronicle* and the *Examiner*.

A child of immigrants from Barbados who owned a small trucking concern in Brooklyn, Maynard dropped out of high school to write for neighborhood and ethnic publications. In 1961 he joined the York (Pa.) *Gazette and Daily* as a reporter. He became a Nieman fellow in journalism at Harvard, then was hired by the Washington *Post*, "where I went from covering riots to covering the White House." He left in 1977 for the Berkeley campus of the University of California to establish a training program for minority journalists, which he ran, in his words, "like a bootcamp." Maynard applies the same tough standards to his own work. "There is no way for a poor man to get to own a newspaper," he says, "unless it is a paper that requires a lot of himself." ■

Heading Home

Harper's editor is now TRB

After a year and a half as editor of *Harper's*, the nation's oldest continuously published monthly (founded in 1850), Michael Kinsley, 32, was riding high. His provocative, sometimes flippant mix of articles won a National Magazine Award last month for general excellence. Within days, the magazine's board reported that lopping off unprofitable subscribers, which reduced the circulation from 325,000 to about 140,000, had cut annual losses from $2.4 million to $300,000. Nonetheless, last week Kinsley gave up one of the most visible jobs in magazine journalism for one of the more anonymous: starting in September, he will replace the revered Richard Strout, who retired at 85 after four decades as the pseudonymous TRB columnist for the weekly *New Republic* (circ. 96,000). Said Kinsley: "Some people think I am crazy, but writing a column is a journalist's dream, and this one seems to come open once every 40 years."

The move is a sentimental journey for Kinsley. A Rhodes scholar, he was a student at Harvard Law School in 1976 when *New Republic* Owner Martin Peretz named him managing editor. Among Kinsley's duties was editing TRB. He gave up editing in 1981 because he "preferred writing," but within six months he took the *Harper's* post "because it looked like a great job." Says Peretz: "Michael believes in institutions, and TRB is an institution."

Kinsley

Kinsley's resignation, although voluntary, ends an uneasy and at times even stormy relationship with the board of *Harper's*, which is financed by a foundation. Last year former Board Chairman Donald Petrie denounced Kinsley's acceptance of an Israeli government–financed trip to inspect conditions in Beirut. This spring Kinsley irritated board members when he suggested that the magazine's editorial offices be moved from Manhattan to Washington or California, in part because he found New York City "a difficult place to live." He also sought a raise, after initially cutting his own pay from $80,000 to $55,000 as an austerity measure. Conceded Kinsley: "The thought of not having to deal with the *Harper's* board added to the luster of the job at the *New Republic*."

Harper's Foundation President Rick MacArthur nonetheless praised Kinsley and said the board was paying his tenure the utmost compliment. "As his successor," said MacArthur, "we want another independent, unconventional thinker." ■

Press Clips

ABSENCE OF MALICE

When Mobil Corp. President William Tavoulareas won a $2.05 million libel judgment last year against the Washington *Post*, attorneys for the newspaper predicted that the jury's finding would be set aside by the judge who tried the case. They were right: last week Federal District Judge Oliver Gasch threw out the verdict. Tavoulareas is a "public figure," Gasch ruled, and thus was required to prove that the *Post* knew its story was false or showed reckless disregard for its accuracy. Said Gasch: "There is no evidence that the editors responsible for the article ever doubted its truthfulness."

The suit stemmed from a two-part 1979 article that charged Tavoulareas "set up" his son Peter in a shipping company financed by Mobil. The venture, launched in 1974, made Peter, now 33, a wealthy man. *Post* reporters and editors admitted that the story inaccurately faulted Mobil for violating a federal disclosure rule that applied only to family members who live under the same roof; Peter Tavoulareas did not live with his father. Noted Judge Gasch: "The article falls far short of being a model of fair, unbiased journalism." *Post* Executive Editor Ben Bradlee was more upbeat: "We are delighted our reporting was vindicated. It is a great day for newspapers."

Tavoulareas has until June 1 to appeal Gasch's decision.

WRITERS' RIGHTS

Few groups seem harder to unionize than freelance writers: the very label conveys an aura of individualism, and many freelancers approach getting published less as a job than as a spiritual quest. But last week a fledgling National Writers Union framed a constitution and elected officers from among 1,500 dues-paying members, including Novelist Kurt Vonnegut and Journalist Studs Terkel. Said President Andrea Eagan, a feminist writer: "Without top names we would be like a baseball union without Reggie Jackson."

The union already has won a two-year "working agreement" from the San Francisco–based leftist monthly *Mother Jones*. Among the guarantees, which apply to all freelancers, not just N.W.U. members: a $1,000 minimum fee for a feature article; only one rewrite without additional pay; full payment if the magazine accepts the story but drops the subject; notification about major editing. Said *Mother Jones* Editor Deirdre English: "The union's concerns are legitimate."

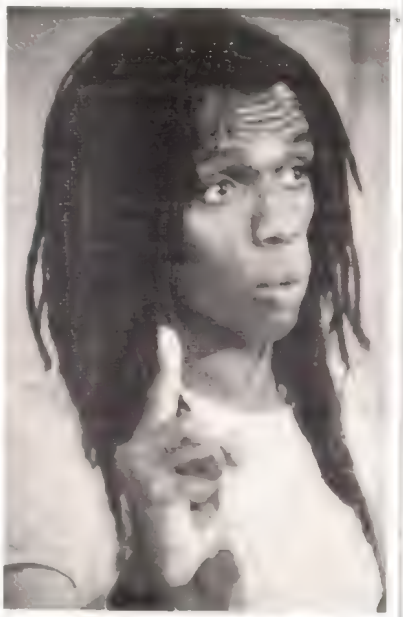
Other magazine and book publishers reject the writers' proposals as unjustified because freelancers are self-employed. Indeed, the new group's Manhattan-based consulting attorney, Lewis Steel, concedes, "The National Labor Relations Board may not recognize the union. But it still has the right to bargain." ■

Law

Walking Tall in California

The Supreme Court overturns the state's vagrancy law

Edward Lawson, 37, a bachelor and the head of his own consulting and entrepreneurial firm in San Francisco, liked to take long walks while on business in the San Diego area, often in the dead of night. As he strolled the deserted streets, no one ever bothered him except the police. Between March 1975 and January 1977, Lawson was stopped 15 times for vagrancy under a provision of the California penal code that requires an individual to provide "credible and reliable" identification to a police officer who has reason to be suspicious. Prosecuted twice and convicted once, Lawson brought suit six years ago seeking damages from police officials and trying to get the vagrancy law struck down. The law was unconstitutionally vague, said Lawson, and more important, it violated the Fourth Amendment's guarantee against "unreasonable searches and seizures" and the Fifth Amendment's self-incrimination protection.



Lawson after his constitutional victory

A police tool for racial discrimination?

Last week, in a 7-to-2 decision, the U.S. Supreme Court evaded the Fourth and Fifth Amendment questions but ruled that the California statute was indeed too vague to satisfy the due-process clause of the 14th Amendment. The law "contains no standard for determining what a suspect has to do in order to satisfy the requirement to provide a 'credible and reliable' identification," wrote Justice Sandra Day O'Connor for the majority. This necessarily entrusts lawmaking "to the moment-to-moment judgment of the policeman on his beat" and furnishes a tool for "harsh and discriminatory enforcement by local prosecuting officials."

Vagrancy, or loitering, laws have drawn the court's disapproval before. In 1972, the Justices unanimously struck down a Jacksonville ordinance aimed at "rogues and vagabonds" along with "common railers and brawlers." Such language does not clearly define the forbidden conduct to an ordinary citizen and "encourages arbitrary and erratic arrests," said Justice William Douglas. Many state and local lawmakers responded by trying to make the language of their vagrancy laws more precise. The statutes are needed, say authorities, to help police on patrol reduce crime. When the court decided to review California's law, the International Association of Chiefs of Police joined in a brief supporting the statute. Says San Diego Prosecutor Daniel Kremer: "It seems to provide a reasonable balance between the individual's interests in privacy and society's interest in security."

Privacy, however, is only one reason that civil libertarians attack vagrancy provisions. "Most officers use race as an index of suspicious conduct," says Mark Rosenbaum of the American Civil Liberties Union, who argued the case on Lawson's behalf. Rosenbaum naturally exulted in last week's ruling, declaring in Orwellian rhetoric that it "puts 1984 on hold." Because the decision objected only to the law's failure to spell out what identification would be satisfactory, however, California officials are already considering language for a new vagrancy statute.

Lawson is not surprised. "The Supreme Court has avoided the gut issues, which are the violations of the Fourth and Fifth Amendments," he says. Chief Justice Warren Burger "is always whining about how the court is overloaded, and at the same time his court has repeatedly avoided dealing with the main issues."

A slim, eloquent man, Lawson is aware that the dreadlocks he wears may compound the probability that police will stop him. But he has no intention of cutting them, though they have no religious significance to him as they do for the Rastafarians of Jamaica; he just does not like combing and fussing with his hair. "I'm very accustomed to doing what I want to," he says. So he will continue his walking, and if police arrest him under a new law, he is prepared to take the necessary legal journey back to the Supreme Court. ■

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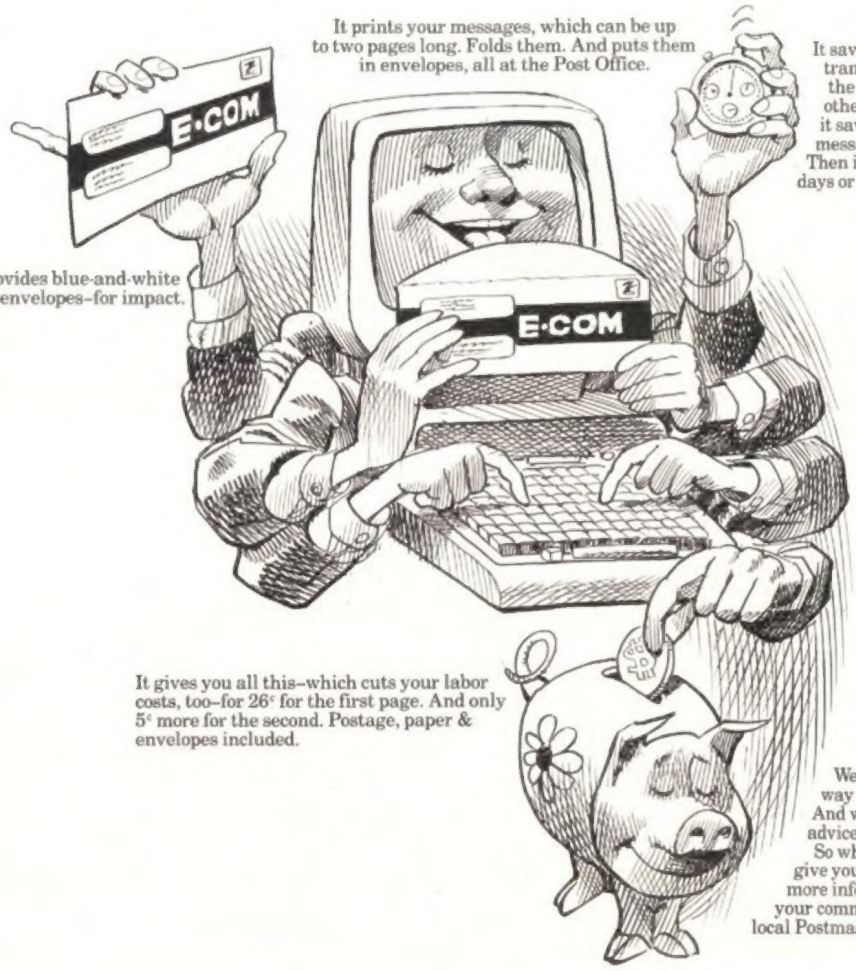

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The Last Page in the Typewriter

Thanks to the clamor over the forged Hitler diaries, one almost overlooked entirely the news from Rumania. There, on April 28, a government decree took effect requiring all citizens to register their typewriters with the police. The stated purpose of this decision was to prohibit Rumanian troublemakers from typing anti-Communist leaflets, but anyone concerned with the fate of the typewriter will recognize a trend. It is going, this wonderful machine. It is on its way out of the world. Whether at the urgings of the Communists or the word processors, the device that has come to be called the old-fashioned manual will soon lie dusty in fraudulent antique shops between the duck decoys and the miniature spoons. "What's that funny-looking box, Daddy?" "Why, that's an Underwood, darling [gulping imperceptibly]."

But who cares, really, if the manual typewriter goes the way of the manual orange-juice squeezer or the crank phone? Progress is progress. It isn't as if the invention itself is dropping from existence; there are new electronic microchip jobs that automatically produce a thousand individually addressed love letters while the author snorkels in Cancún. Nor is there a great heaving nostalgia attached to the old machine. The history of its growth reads as excitingly as politics in Ottawa. Besides, people these days show far too much reflex yearning for the snows of yesteryear. Let the thing go. Indeed, one can briefly sum up the reasons for looking back with moderate affection on the manual typewriter and still not feel that the world is about to lose a piece of its heart.

Famous Literary Typewriters. Hitler evidently did not use a typewriter, being a dictator, but other writers have found it indispensable. J.M. Synge and Henry James, to name two. Mark Twain, who typed the manuscript of either *Tom Sawyer* or *Life on the Mississippi* (the matter is murky), became the first author to hand in a typewritten book to his publisher. Of his Remington, Twain wrote: "It don't muss things or scatter ink blots around." Twain also began the practice of double-spacing manuscripts, thus providing room for editors ever since to fill the margins with the words "awkward" and "Don't get this."

Famous Criminal Typewriters. In America, the most notorious was the Woodstock No. N230099, which was used as evidence in the Alger Hiss trials, although no one seems to have been able to prove whether or not the Woodstock No. N230099 was in fact involved, and if so, or not, what it did, or did not do. In "A Case of Identity," Sherlock Holmes exposed the culprit by examining the faulty letters on typewritten notes. Holmes explained: "A typewriter has really quite as much individuality as a man's handwriting." The word processor's criminal potential is probably infinite.

Memorable Sentences Associated with the Typewriter. a) Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party; b) qwerty yuiop; c) Miss Hunkle, please come in, shut the door and take a letter.

Noteworthy Typewriter Stunts and Tricks. In the late 1920s, the Royal Typewriter Co. dropped 11,000 parachuted typewriters out of a plane over Hartford, Conn. This was intended to increase sales. Tricks with typewriters were also popular in the early days, such as making palm trees out of capital I's and asterisks. Placing such things in a composition must have offered problems, but they are said to have given much fun.

Typewriters in Art. Claes Oldenburg's *Soft Typewriter*. Also, Leroy Anderson's musical number *The Typewriter*, remembered for its effective use of the bell. Marshall McLuhan surmised that the typewriter has contributed to the writing of free-verse poetry, because the righthand margins are uneven. This is fascinating, but unlikely. Yet e.e. cummings' poems could have been composed on nothing but a typewriter, and many novelists have used the lower case and run-on words to convey streams of consciousness. Don Marquis' *archys life of mehitabel* made a poet of a cockroach who was unable to press the shift key.

The Typewriter and the Lady. Men constituted the first "typewriters," as the operators were originally called, but women soon took over the task, which was supposed to give them entry to the American workplace. As it turned out, typewriters ultimately tied women down to uninteresting mechanical jobs, proving once again that men are smarter than machines. The typist in modern folklore is often given a melancholy identity, like the typist in T.S. Eliot's *Waste Land*, who takes her lover as wearily as she lights her stove. On a happier side, Rose Fritz, the national speed-typing champion from 1906 to 1909, never lost to a man, and Stella Willins, the 1926 world's amateur champion, once typed 264 words in one minute, repeating a memorized sentence. The report that the sentence was "How I loathe this work" is apocryphal.

The Typewriter Goes to the Movies. Movies about the press inevitably display lots of typewriters on which reporters furiously bang out their stories as if they were using artillery. Such scenes illustrate the idea that the typewriter can be a weapon, which recalls the original patent that the inventor, Christopher Latham Sholes, sold to E. Remington & Sons, a manufacturer of firearms. There is always something heroically decisive about a character's plunking himself down before a typewriter in a movie. The machine itself becomes an instrument of integrity, which may be one of the things we miss when it finally disappears.

Pleasant as all this may be to record, it does not add up to much. Mainly one will miss the manual machine simply because it has been around so long. We take unexpressed comfort from the sight of familiar objects, superannuated or not, tending to regret their absence even when we no longer require their presence. Then, too, we will miss the sound, the clackbop from the house next door that signaled the Great American Novel in progress, or the Great American Last-Minute Term Paper. Writers will miss their old machines greatly, even as they now flirt pantingly with Apple IIs. They will even miss the mistakes they used to make. This sort of ~~msitake~~. The new machines correct so perfectly that they do not show error, and sometimes error was nice to see, a useful memento of human sloppiness.

Still, what may be missed most is the companionship of the manual machine that was attached not to the wall by electric cord, but solely to oneself. There it sat, that Smith-Corona, waiting patiently for you to get hold of yourself, seize an idea, find a right word. Then you went at it together, two stained, tired antiques of the future, giving and taking, the way friends are supposed to. The times you stayed up all night, the sweat on the keys, the sigh of accomplishment at something ~~furnished famished~~ finished. —*By Roger Rosenblatt*

Illustration for TIME by Alexa Grace

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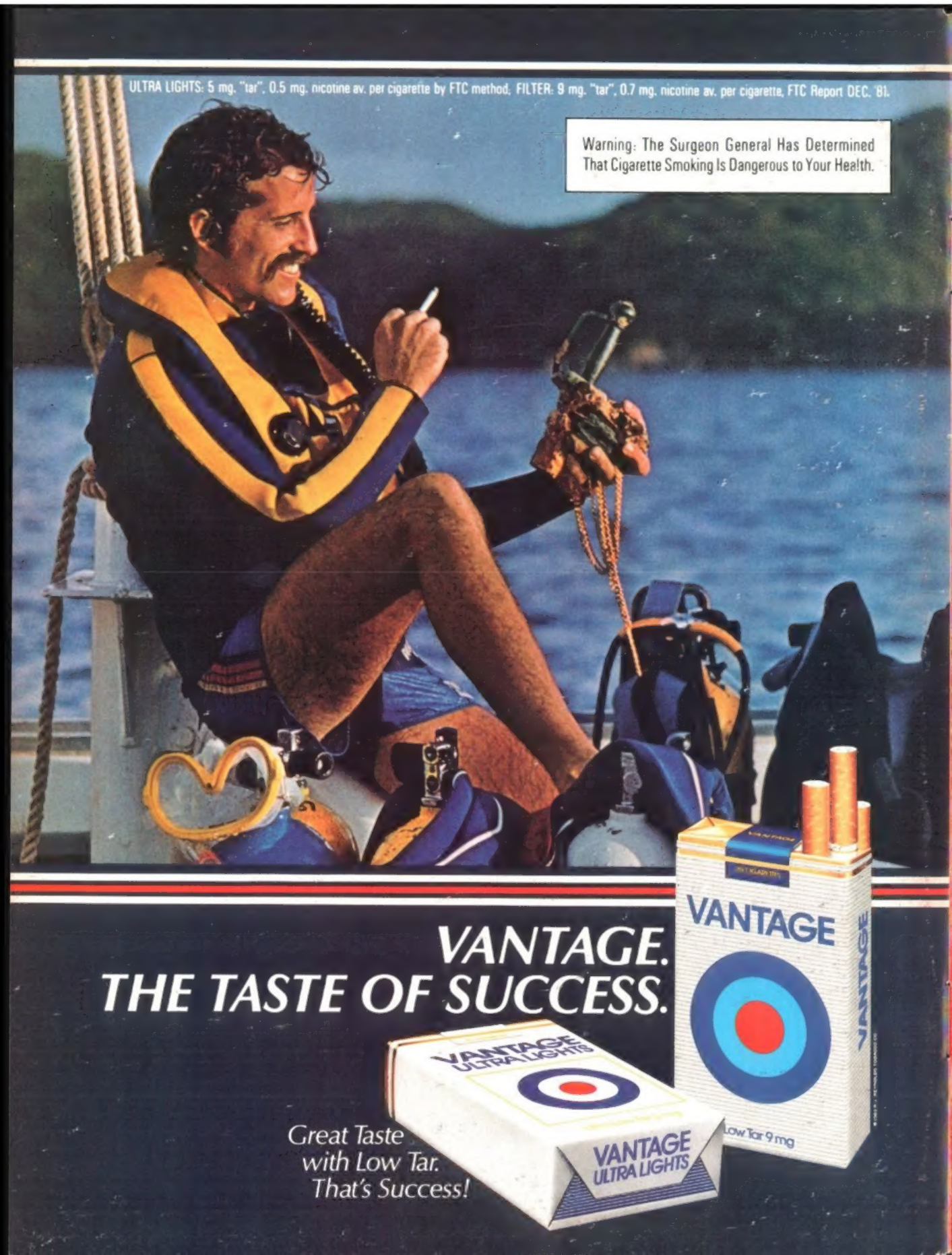
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